Liberty

5¢

DEC. 13, 1941

BUY UNITED STATES DEFENSE SAVINGS BONDS

IS THE PRESIDENT A WELL MAN TODAY?

Cars are "Human," too

Treat 'em Right—and You'll get a Lot of Wear out of them. That's Important to Remember This Winter!

Mobilgas
SOCONY-VACUUM

• DO YOU plan to "hol on" to your present car

Then follow defens officials' suggestion *lubricate regularly . . change to winter oils!*

Your Mobilgas deale calls that "getting *Fresh Start* for winter.

This "Fresh Start" in cludes New Mobiloi Arctic. *It cleans as it lu bricates!* Then, winte protection for radiator chassis and gears.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC., & affiliates: Magnolia Petroleum Co. — General Petroleum Corp. of Calif.

Give Your Car a Fresh Start for Winter

PEGGY: *Sure is. I guess Santa Claus must be slippin'.*

WILLIE: *What d'ya say we tip him off to switch to B. F. Goodrich?*

PEGGY: *Sure, let's! He needs extra miles mor'n anybody because he has to cover the whole world in one night!*

WILLIE: *Wow, wotta trip! No wonder he wore out those reindeer!*

★ ★ ★

All **SILVERTOWNS** *made with* **DURAMIN**

GO AHEAD and tell him, kids! There are plenty of reasons why any smart Santa Claus ought to give his car some new Silvertowns for Christmas. And here's the big Number One reason:

Nobody, not even Santa Claus, knows what the rubber situation may be in a few months. The best guess is that tires people buy today will have to last a long, long time. So they ought to be tough, hard-wearing Silvertowns.

Every single Silvertown is made with Duramin, the "tire vitamin" that adds miles of wear—keeps the tire safe longer. Always the top tire, Silvertowns are made better than ever now, when Uncle Sam is using thousands of them for defense, and you get the benefit.

Prices are still in line. And you can buy on terms if you like. All B. F. Goodrich Silvertown Stores, and many Goodrich Dealers, offer the Budget Plan.

(Left)
SAFETY SILVERTOWN. Duramin gives it longer wear, and top quality. Hi-Flex cords make it stronger than ever.

(Center)
DELUXE SILVERTOWN. Duramin-made. Gives the best combination of mileage, safety, comfort, and quiet running.

(Right)
LIFE-SAVER SILVERTOWN. No tire can stop you quicker, or keep you safer from skids. 20% more miles than *original* Life-Saver tire. Duramin-made.

SOME B. F. GOODRICH FIRSTS THAT ARE HELPING TO CONSERVE AMERICA'S VITAL RUBBER SUPPLY

AMERIPOL, *the first synthetic rubber used in automobile tires sold to the American public.*

CARBON BLACK TREAD, *a B.F.Goodrich development that more than doubled tire mileage.*

DURAMIN, *the amazing discovery that keeps rubber young, makes tires wear longer, stay safer.*

Vox Pop

The First Word-- From Our Readers

AN ECHO FOR MR. ERSKINE FROM THE SOUTH

VALENCIA, VENEZUELA—I have read many articles concerning South America and the policy of good neighbor, but John Erskine's Why South America Fears Us (October 18 Liberty) is the only one that approaches the truth. He certainly seems to understand the way we feel about you. We want to co-operate and be friendly, but we do not want to be "bossed."

I wish all those that are working for a better understanding between North and South America could read Mr. Erskine's article. It would help them a lot in their job.

Deal with us on equal terms and you will have our wholehearted co-operation and friendship! Most of us are small and weak, but you will probably remember that, small and weak as we are, we once fought the Spaniards just because we didn't want them to rule us. And we won, thanks to our great liberator Simon Bolivar.—*Carol Ravell.*

P.S. Please excuse my poor English.

Poor English, huh? If we could write as good Spanish . . .—VOX POP ED.

CORRECT!

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—My next-door neighbor was so delighted with your editorial Where Are We Going? (November 8 Liberty) that she was going to write and congratulate you on it, but on second thought decided not to write because she wasn't a "some one"!

However, it is my humble opinion that every good American citizen is a "some one" to the publishers of Liberty. Am I correct?—*Mrs. Helen Widoff.*

CASH CUSTOMER SPEAKS

CHICAGO, ILL.—Does Hollywood Need New Leadership? by Frederick Lewis (November 1 Liberty), is exceedingly funny in the very serious stand its author takes. It reminds one of Shakespeare's play Much Ado About Nothing.

Mr. Lewis seems to be overwrought about the movie industry; and I as one of its cash customers would like to put my two cents into the argument and yell back, "So what?" One really doesn't have to go to the movies just because they are here.

Neither can I see eye to eye with Mr. Lewis about double features; there are as many in favor of double features as there are those who are not.

Even he will no doubt admit that the industry sometimes turns out some very fine pictures.—*Harry Brown.*

WELL, SHUCKS— WE HOPE SOMETHING WILL

BOSTON, MASS.—Why wouldn't this settle the question as to how

the name of Webster's famous lake should be spelled?—*D. A. Macdonald.*

WILL WONDERS NEVER CEASE?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—When I am cooking I often take one of your articles, with its reading time, and time my cooking by it. I do not have to watch the stove—just read an article or two. So again your magazine produces.—*M. L. Keating.*

FAN MAIL FOR THE FICTIONEERS

ALBANY, N. Y.—When a short story starts lachrymose moisture running from the eyes of a grizzly great-grandfather who is nearing the three quarter century of life's joys and sorrows, it certainly must be a story worth reading. (Exempted! November 8 Liberty.)

Even though the present year is not a leap year, that climaxing proposal by Miss Penny will go down in literary history as one of the best, if not the best, ever written. Honor where honor is due, and my congratulations to the author, Miss Fannie Hurst, the Best Dressed Lady in America.—*V. W. B.*

TOPEKA, KAN.—Please ask Fannie Hurst where they pay Sunday-school teachers twenty dollars per month, as is done in her story, Exempted!

I have been going to Sunday school all my life and never knew before that teachers could be paid for their services. Of course I've always lived in the sticks,

(*Continued on page 57*)

After three years civilization will sure look good! Paris! London! Berlin! Oh, boy!

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"What, Sahib! Still shopping?"

MAN: Eh? Oh! Now look, camel, I don't wish to be uncivil on Christmas Eve . . . but go away, will you?

CAMEL: Christmas present trouble, Little Brother?

MAN: You might call it that. Add Aunt Agatha, Little Jimmie, and all the rest of the relatives—this Xmas has cost me a fortune. And I still have to take care of some of the boys at the office!

CAMEL: But sahib, you're looking right *at* one of the most delightful of Christmas presents—a truly noble whiskey, master—Paul Jones. A whiskey of superb flavor and the most magnificent *dryness!*

MAN: I can't afford . . . what's that? *Dryness,* camel? What's *dryness* got to do with whiskey?

CAMEL: Much, O Son of the Morning. For it is this *dryness* . . . or lack of sweetness, which permits the full, rare flavor of Paul Jones to *come through* . . . clear and undistorted for your enjoyment. Indeed, master, it is *dryness* which makes Paul Jones so rare and lustrous a jewel among whiskies.

MAN: Ah. And a jewel of pretty great price, I'll bet!

CAMEL: Nay, O Gracious Prince. This Dry Paul Jones is sold for so modest a sum that connoisseurs of whiskey know it as *a great buy.* So great a buy, sahib, that the demand for *Dry* Paul Jones multiplied fivefold in less than two years. It—

MAN: Say no more, my fuzzy friend. Just tell me one thing: What are you doing December 25th?

CAMEL: Why, Effendi?

MAN: Because, my wonderful beast, I want to invite you out for the biggest, best, most marvelous Christmas dinner you ever had in your life!

The best Christmas buy—is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Paul Jones are 4 years or more old.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

THE BREAKS ARE ALL AGAINST YOU WHEN YOU'VE GOT THE double O

YOUR common sense tells you that, ability being the same, any smart employer will choose a girl with a pleasant, agreeable breath and a bright, arresting smile rather than one who has the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath.)

Perhaps you've grown careless about this double offense. If you're guilty, better wake up and do something about it if you want others to like you and if you want to improve your chance of getting ahead in business.

Begin now with this wonderfully easy and simply delightful double precaution against "Double O" and use it every night and morning.

For the teeth, the new Listerine Tooth Paste. Here's a dentifrice made specially to help bring out the natural sparkle, the clean, flashing brilliance of your smile.

New Tooth Paste . . . New Formula

The new Listerine Tooth Paste is an entirely new formula that attacks cloudy, loose deposits, goes to work on dull, dingy teeth. Many say they can actually see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time.

And for the breath—Listerine, of course. It halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis.

Delightful Daily Double

If you want to get ahead, don't neglect the "Double O." Start in today with the delightful Listerine Daily Double: the new Listerine Tooth Paste for a clean, attractive smile, and Listerine Antiseptic for a more appealing breath.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

the double precaution against double O *Offensive Breath Offensive looking Teeth*

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

and LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Girl

BY BUBBLES SCHINA

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

☆ THE time has come to make your Christmas list. So get out pencil and paper and let's go to work. . . . And remember, never give what you wouldn't be glad to get.

First on the list is:

MOTHER: If your mother's like mine, she won't tell you what she wants; just says, "Oh, anything—any little thing." Well, here are some "little things" I've seen around the shops. Maybe they'll give you an idea.

1. A lucite hatbox or stand, the color of crystal, for her best hat. The stand is 8½ inches high, costs $2.50. The boxes vary in price according to size.

2. A handbag made of black leather in the new long thin lines. It has a red lining and pockets for all the musts of a busy lady's purse. Price $5.50; initials or name, $1.

3. A "Gluvgard." This little gold-plated chain fastens her gloves safely to her handbag. $1.

4. One small jar of a new, very rich skin cream. It comes packed in a bright blue-and-white jar, and is itself ivory in color and silky to the touch. 28 cents.

GRANDMOTHER: The easiest method of becoming the favorite grandchild is to treat Grandma like a debutante.

1. Buy a small black chiffon handkerchief edged with a wide band of frail lace. 50 cents.

2. An exceptionally thin lightweight vanity, the cover embossed with a flower basket. $1.50.

3. The really useful present—a pocket in her favorite color to attach to the side of the bed, to hold glasses and handkerchiefs and medicines and nocturnal odds and ends. It's lined with waterproof fabric and boasts a button which glows—to facilitate finding it in the dark. Costs $1.95.

SISTER: My sister's name is Betti and she has red hair and braces on her teeth and is thirteen years old. Some of the gifts she'll receive are:

1. A pair of extra fluffy white Angora mittens. $2.85.

2. Hair ribbons in rainbow colors, complete with bobby pins, ready to put on. Buy the ribbon and make the bows yourself.

3. A rosy box embellished with white dance programs and curlicues, containing a bottle of a light yet sweet-scented eau de Cologne, and a box of after-bath dusting powder. This

eets Girl

merriment sells for $2.50 and was designed for the very young.

BROTHER: My brother Leon is fifteen. Under the tree—from me—he'll find:

1. Three big white handkerchiefs with striking initials. $1 for the three.
2. To help with school work, a very good dictionary, simple to use and with large clear print. $2.50.
3. Because he is a bowling fan, I was delighted to find a tie clasp with a bowling ball and two pins. It looks like gold but isn't. Costs $1.50.

FRIEND (female): For my fine friend Phyllis, who has just moved into a beautiful brand-new house:

1. A miniature of her door knocker seems a perfect present. It's a pin of bright-gold finish, to wear provocatively over her heart, engraved with three initials. $1.50.
2. One pair of extra sheer black Nylon stockings. $1.50; and, to accompany these, a gay little bottle of a magical solution called Run-R-Stop, costs 10 cents and can be carried about to halt runs when they first begin.
3. A charming decorative bottle of liquid skin sachet with a lacy fragrance, like its name, Chantilly. $2.75.

FRIENDS (male): See Mr. McCann's column, Man to Man, next week. That's what I'm going to do.

A LITTLE BOY: Michael, who is only two.

1. A baby jigsaw puzzle. It's a colored picture of an animal in three large sections which fit together immediately. Children love them. $1.
2. A plump yellow Teddy bear that plays Yankee-Doodle indefinitely. $2.
3. A set of sponge animals, 10 cents each, for his bath, and a large floating duck, 50 cents.

Girl Meets Girl again soon—and tells what she'd like in her own Christmas stocking.

Confound it! MISSED THE 5:15!
Let's Make the "33 to 1"
NONSENSE, BURNS! THIS IS NO TIME FOR JOKES!
NO JOKE AT ALL! IT'S 33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER... PABST BLUE RIBBON!
DELICIOUS! A REAL TREAT, BURNS! AH... BY THE WAY, I'LL BE READY TO TALK BUSINESS SOON. CAN YOU DROP IN MONDAY?
GLAD TO, MR. STAFFORD! (GOLLY...LOOKS LIKE I'VE DONE A LITTLE EXPERT BLENDING MYSELF!)

Blended Like Fine Champagne—That's Why Pabst Blue Ribbon Hits the Spot

As in the finest coffee and champagne, it's *expert blending* that makes Pabst Blue Bibbon Beer so delicious. Today—sample its sparkling, foaming goodness. Taste for yourself how great a beer can be when it's Blended "33 to 1"!

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER!

IT'S SMOOTHER... IT'S TASTIER ...IT NEVER VARIES

Pabst Blue Ribbon

Blended 33 to 1

Copyright 1941, Pabst Brewing Co., Milwaukee

"Imagine! My husband's ex-sweetheart asking *me* for advice!"

A young wife discusses modern baby care

1. Janie used to be my husband's schoolgirl sweetheart. But we've become very friendly now that she's married, and we see her and her husband quite often. She hasn't given out the news yet, but lately, she's been asking a lot of questions about baby care . . .

2. Last Saturday, Janie dropped in when I'd just bought a specially designed "baby-walker." Her brow wrinkled and she asked me if that wasn't *pampering* the child. It seemed to her *everything* our baby had was special—even a special laxative!

3. "Come, come, Janie," I said reprovingly. "Would it be 'pampering' to feed a baby special foods?" Janie shook her head. "Exactly!" I said. "And—like foods—most other baby needs ought to be special, too. Child authorities agree on that!"

4. "Look—you spoke of our baby's laxative. *I* didn't pick that. Our doctor did, *because it is made especially for children.* It's Fletcher's Castoria—mild and safe. Our doctor said an adult laxative might be too strong for a baby's delicate system."

5. "But in Fletcher's Castoria, there isn't a single harsh drug. And it works mostly in the lower bowel, leaving the small stomach up above undisturbed. Castoria doesn't gripe and it isn't likely to form a habit. What's more—children love it. Watch this!"

6. When the little one actually held out her hands and cooed over the good taste of Fletcher's Castoria—Janie smiled. "Well," said she, "that certainly teaches *me* a lesson. Believe me—I'll remember about special baby care and Fletcher's Castoria!"

The Large Bottle for Me! Our drug store has both the Regular Size and the large Family Size. I save by buying the larger size.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The SAFE laxative made especially for children

O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF • WALTER LLOYD ART EDITOR

Liberty

DECEMBER 13, 1941 VOL. 18, NO. 50

PARTNERS IN OUR FUTURE

☆ A BANKER was sent to jail.

He had taken the money of trusting depositors and used it to cover his personal gambling operations in the stock market. More than a million dollars of other people's money had been stolen by a highly respected pillar of society.

And some people said:

"There's a banker for you! That's what the President meant when he talked about economic royalists. All bankers are thieves, only some of them don't get caught."

A labor-union leader used his position as head of a great union to threaten strikes against a whole industry. If the leaders of the industry would pay him enough, he would call off the strike. By this kind of extortion the labor leader had put more than a million dollars into his pocket before he was exposed and sent to prison.

And some people said:

"There's a labor leader for you! They are all crooks with penitentiary records and they're robbing everybody, only some of them don't get caught."

Not all bankers and not all labor-union leaders are criminals. Most of them are ordinary, everyday Americans with a little more ability than the average, perhaps with a little more patience, industry, and perseverance by which they have been able to lift themselves up to positions of power. The great majority of bankers and of labor-union leaders are honest men, earnest men, not economic royalists on the one hand, not racketeers on the other.

All those who, either as journalists or prosecuting attorneys, have helped to expose corruption in financial institutions and in labor unions have served their country well. But there is a danger that the outcries they have raised will give a false impression. That danger must be avoided, all the more so in these perilous times when divided counsels may imperil our safety.

This is the time above all other times when labor and capital should become friends and bind themselves together with hoops of steel.

All America is watching the battle of industry. It is on America's industrial front, as much as anywhere else in the world, that democracy will win its final victory. In that great battle, management and labor are at work together like soldiers in a front-line trench. Selfish interests, mutual distrust, class warfare, all are rapidly being submerged in the resolving force of one great united effort. One walks through those colossal plants and in the roar of the machinery he hears the full-throated blast of victory.

Politics is gone! The manager sitting in his office has a picture on his desk—a young man in uniform: his son. That young man is a flying cadet, and his father, the manager, is going to see that he flies in good planes. We are all in this! Here, in this spirit of the old Union, we can truly rededicate ourselves, compose our differences as fellow Americans, respect and understand each other in mutual good will, win our victory, and go forward together into a new and permanent freedom.

Let us learn that we are all the creatures of the same God.

Let us learn to be fair to one another. Let us work together and make a new world together.

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President Roosevelt as he looked eight years ago, in 1933—

PHOTOS © BY HARRIS & EWING

—and as he looks in the present crucial year, at fifty-nine.

Is the President Sick Today?

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

☆ A GRAY-FACED man, his brow furrowed and his thinning hair rumpled, sits behind a desk shielding his eyes from thousands of watts of glaring light. In front of him is a battery of microphones. He looks up at the Cyclops stare of a dozen cameras. At a signal he begins to read from a pile of typed sheets, and the cameras purr to record a scene which will be re-enacted within a few hours in the country's motion-picture theaters. The people will thrill to the words they hear spoken in a forceful, resonant voice—thrill in fear and worry, but mostly in patriotic pride.

Yet many will go home shaking their heads and saying, "The President does not look well at all."

Neither would you, under such circumstances as attended the delivery by Franklin D. Roosevelt of his "shoot first" orders to the navy in defense of America's historic policy of freedom of the seas, on September 11.

Movie-wise Presidential secretaries Marvin McIntyre and Steve Early say this:

"The eyes of motion-picture audiences are conditioned to make-up. Even in the portrayal of persons mature in age, the make-up man obliterates natural folds and wrinkles, and paints in the ones that photograph best.

"But the President goes barefaced under the Klieg lights without a dab of powder on his chin. His complexion is naturally on the sallow side, and if he happens to have a nice mottled sunburn, the movies make him look as if he had galloping jaundice. His face is rugged, with strong contours that throw shadows. If he lives to be a hundred, he'll always look twenty years older in the movies."

That is sound technical explanation. I see the President at no more than arm's length twice a week, and I will testify that his photographs do him an injustice. But I also think he has appeared more careworn and a bit on the haggard side of late.

Well, why not? He has the toughest job on earth. He made that broadcast just four days after the death of his mother. For weeks he had performed his onerous duties in the knowledge that her death might occur at any moment, a fact of which the public has been unaware. Then, submerging his own great grief, he returned to the White House immediately after the funeral to carry on; the bereavement of Franklin Roosevelt the man could not interfere with the duties of Franklin Roosevelt the President.

To resolve my own doubts and to provide Liberty's readers with this annual intimate report, I paid a visit to Rear Admiral Ross T. McIntire, surgeon general of the United States Navy and the President's personal physician. And there, by the way, is

another man with about half a dozen full-time jobs, not the least of which is at the moment the task of seeing that not one member of our vastly expanded naval forces is beyond immediate reach of a top-notch physician-surgeon.

At that, he does not like to be called "Admiral." It is Dr. McIntire, please, when you greet him in the little office he maintains in the basement of the White House's east wing. All the uniform he wears is an oblong metal navy identification badge on the lapel of his coat.

So I ask, "Doctor, how is the President's health?"

And he answers, "Generally speaking, it is better than when you asked me just about a year ago."

"But, doctor, people are saying he doesn't look as well as he did. And it seems to me—"

So Dr. McIntire goes into details. The President's blood pressure? Go look at the actuarial demands of insurance companies for a man almost sixty years old, and you'll see what is inscribed on F. D. R.'s chart.

Heart? Steady as a chronometer. Lungs? Like a long-distance swimmer's. Digestion?

Well, Dr. McIntire allows, there was a little trouble there last spring, when Mr. Roosevelt contracted a "low-grade intestinal infection" that proved to be annoyingly stubborn. The doctor made him lie up for two weeks. "But I could only get him to quit work for three days," he grins.

Well Man

shaking his head. "He just moved his office into his bedroom."

The cure was effected by diet, and I will venture a layman's opinion that the President, a hearty eater, would have preferred medicines. For weeks he had to be satisfied with puréed spinach and strained mashed string beans and cereals and such-like.

All told, he lost nearly ten pounds. When the dietary restrictions were removed, he demanded steak—thick steak, broiled crusty on the outside and dripping rare inside—and he asked for it often. Dr. McIntire, who is the only man who can say no to the President and make it stick without an act of Congress, allowed him all the steaks he wanted for his dinners. The Presidential lunches, by the way, are very light meals on the soup-and-salad order, served in his office. But beefsteak is nourishing and revitalizing, and it isn't fattening. Though the President is not normally overfond of it, you can just imagine him spooning up his strained sparsely seasoned vegetables and pondering what it was that he would set his teeth into, once he was allowed to eat what he wanted.

And that reminds me: Every year the National Press Club gives a dinner for whoever is the tenant of the White House. About 400 members sit down with him in the club's banquet hall, and Alberding, the steward, just lays himself out to make that meal the best one being eaten in the United States that night. Last year, when we went to consult with Mr. Roosevelt as to an agreeable date, he apologetically asked what the menu would be, and we told him, of course, that he could have anything he wanted from haunch of polar bear to stuffed tropical hummingbirds.

Assuming an air of wistfulness, F. D. R. said that every time he went out to dinner, he was sure to have some kind of confounded bird thrust in front of him for the main course, and how about a plain old-fashioned steak for a change, with only its natural juices for a sauce?

Well, what do *you* think he got?

Let's get back on the main track. He has regained about half of the ten pounds he lost last spring, and now, at a scant 185 pounds, he is about three pounds under his normal weight, and that, perhaps, is what makes his cheekbones appear more prominent in the pictures. Dr. McIntire says he is satisfied with the President's weight, and if the difference were on the other side of the scales he would make him diet the excess away.

On what ground does Dr. McIntire declare that F. D. R.'s health is better than it was a year ago? Because, barring the shock of bereavement, the President has been able to give his undivided attention to his executive duties, whereas last year he had to work like the dickens getting himself re-elected. The present difficulty is to get him the proper amount of rest. Except for his offshore rendezvous with Prime Minister Churchill, he was denied his excursions at sea and his fishing trips this year. Consequently he has not been able to soak in sunshine as usual, and I dare say Dr. McIntire is keeping an ever sharper eye out for the first signs of the colds to which he is susceptible.

Three times a week he gets an hour or two of very active exercise in the long White House swimming pool. Periodic all-over massage is administered. The kind of rest Dr. McIntire and Mrs. Roosevelt seek for the President is the away-from-it-all pleasure trips, when he can forget that there is any struggle going on in the world except the one between himself and a game fish. He gets all the sleep he should, and that is still the abiding miracle in the minds of those who watch over his welfare. He has never taken a sedative. When he goes to bed, around midnight, it is to fall into a deep refreshing slumber which is broken only by the delivery of his breakfast tray.

It is an old story by now to Liberty readers, but the President's intimates still repeat it wonderingly—how he can purge his mind of all care for a fifteen-minute recess. He "stretches the kinks out of his brain" for a quarter hour of fun, gossip, and story swapping, and then pitches back into the tasks before him, thoroughly refreshed. Two of the occasions in October when he hung out the "Do Not Disturb" sign were when he locked himself up with his portable radio to listen to the opening game of the World Series and to the Louis-Nova fight.

Those of us who foregather in the White House executive office for the semiweekly press conference can testify that F. D.'s hair-trigger mind is still functioning as swiftly and smoothly as ever, and better than some times in the past. Some of us are inclined to believe that he is somewhat more short-tempered than he used to be; that the irony with which he withers a tricky catch-questioner is heavier. And yet—and yet we can remember outbursts years back, like the "horse-and-buggy" appellation he hung on the Supreme Court after the NRA decision, and the scornful "Tory" applied to those who disputed the New Deal social philosophy.

If there is anything in heredity, we have about as durable a President as blood lines can provide. He is descended on both sides from Flemish-Dutch stock conspicuously endowed with "strong muscles, strong teeth, strong digestions, and strong heads." His mother lived far into her eighty-eighth year. *Her* father lived to be eighty-nine, her grandfather to be eighty-seven. The President's father, too, lived comfortably past three score years and ten, but F. D. R. is essentially a Delano in looks and temperament.

One leaves Dr. McIntire's office, then, convinced that F. D. is going to be a forceful figure in American life when most of those half his age are dead from overtaxed hearts and stomachs.

THE END

If all you know is what you see in the newsreels . . don't be misled by that!

BY WALTER KARIG

Light of the Son

Can the gift of perfect happiness come to any man twice . . with a bridge of years between?

☆ THE first year we were married, when Ellen told me she was going to have a baby, there had been a kind of poetry in it. We were young then and did not know what it was like to be tired or defeated. We felt enriched because of the great part we were playing in the scheme of creation. It was the same when our second son came. But now, so many years later, when Ellen needed the poetry more than ever before, there just wasn't any for me to offer her.

Where could I find it in this tired middle time of life, when the flame was dead and the rhythm stilled? Where does that kind of poetry go? Do you leave it, bit by bit, in trains during twenty years of commuting? Do you lose it in worrying about bills? Does it dissolve in the long habit of marriage? Or does it just die? Maybe it doesn't matter very much where it goes. But how do you bring it back when it's really needed and you know you can't fake it?

The night Ellen told me the news I got off to a bad start, because the last thing on earth I expected was another baby. Our two sons were grown. Hugh was eighteen and Henry fifteen, and if I looked forward to anything at all, it was rest.

The conversation, like a hundred others, started when I glanced up from my book and found Ellen looking at me. I had a feeling she had been watching me for a long time.

"What's the matter, El?"

"Nothing. That is, I hope not."

"Don't you know?"

"I'm all right."

Her look seemed to measure me as if she were wondering how much I could stand. It frightened me, because I thought something might have happened to one of the boys.

"Where's Henry?" I said.

"Henry's in bed. Don't you remember saying good night to him, Ken?"

"Oh, sure. That's so. Well—where'd Hugh go?"

Ellen always smiled when I got fidgety about the boys' safety, and tonight her smile made her look younger than her thirty-eight years. "Hugh's with his sweetheart," she said. "They went to the autumn dance at the Country Club. They'll be home late."

"As usual."

When Ellen spoke again, her voice sounded wistful. "Ken dear, we used to stay out late, just like Hugh and Kay. Remember the time we saw the sunrise?"

Maybe a man ought to keep those things up front in his mind, but I hadn't thought of that sunrise in years. I couldn't see any special reason for remembering it now, but I said, "Sure I remember," and went back to my reading.

"Won't you talk to me a little, Ken? I want to talk, please."

"All right. What's on your mind?"

"Nothing," she said, "except that I'm going to have another baby."

I knew now why her voice had that wistful sound and why she wanted me to remember the sunrise of so many years ago. She wanted this time to be like the other times. And yet, I couldn't believe my ears. "What?" I asked. "What'd you say, El?"

"I'm going to have another baby. I'm positive."

The book slid out of my lap and thumped on the floor. I stared down at the frayed toes of my slippers, feeling stunned and confused, wondering how life could be reorganized to meet this emergency, and all the while wanting to say some little thing that would make Ellen happy. But the first words would have to be the right words, and the right ones weren't there.

"This is kind of sudden, El. What's the idea?"

"Are you sorry?"

"Don't say it like that. I'm thunderstruck. Do you blame me? I thought that was all over. I never dreamed of us having another one after all these years. How could it happen? When—?"

"In June, Ken," she said. "It was when you came back from the accountants' outing at Revere Beach. Don't you even remember, dear? I met you in Boston. I wore my green dress that I made over. You said it did things to you."

"Did I?"

Ellen stood up and came part way across the room toward me. Her hands, usually so calm and sure, played nervously at her sides. "Yes, Ken, you did. And you took me to the theater for the first time in years. Then we spent the night in the hotel. Remember? It was such a lovely night. Moonlight. Spring."

"Sure," I said, looking again at the toes of my slippers. "I remember, of course."

She came all the way over to me and sat on the arm of my chair, looking at me intently. "You were so sweet to me, so kind and thoughtful, Ken. It was like a honeymoon. You said: 'All the people I know call me Ken. They think my name is just Kenneth.' Then you whispered in my ear: 'But tonight I am Kenilworth, and my heart is like the castle I was named for.' Do you remember?"

"Yes. But it sounds kind of foolish, somehow."

Her eyes filled with tears and a cynical little smile formed gradually at the corners of her mouth. "It didn't sound foolish to me. It had been a long, long time since I'd heard you say anything like that. It sounded like poetry to me, and music—and I was pretty well starved for it, too!"

"Starved, El?" I said, feeling as if I had hurt her in some cruel, unavoidable way. "I thought we'd outgrown that."

"Yes, I know." She stood up slowly and walked to the front hall stairs. At the bottom stair she turned and said, "Good night."

"Good night, El."

I sat there alone in the humid au-

The book slid out of my lap and thumped on the floor. "This is kind of sudden, El."

BY EDMUND WARE

tumn evening, listening to the katydids, then the clock in the church tower striking midnight, then the stillness. I didn't know quite how to face things. Maybe when you're forty-five any big change is withering. But I wanted, for Ellen's sake and for my own, to want this baby; and when I couldn't, I felt guilty and kind of impure. It was going to mean a new expense we could ill afford. And I would have to tell my son Hugh that there was no chance of his marrying Kay Harrison this year or next. There was no way I could see to help them now. I had begun to wonder again how I could distill any poetry out of this for Ellen, when I remembered that I hadn't even kissed her or taken her in my arms. I went upstairs and along the hall to Ellen's bedroom door and knocked.

"Yes?"

If she had been weeping, there was no sign of it in her voice. I remembered her half-cynical smile, and guessed she had adopted that manner for self-protection.

"Mind if I come in and talk, El?"

"If you want to."

I went in and sat on the foot of her bed in the darkness. "Guess I was kind of blunt," I said. "Didn't mean to be. Maybe it was just the surprise."

"I understand, Ken. Never mind."

I tried another tack. "We better not tell any one about the baby for a while," I said.

"Why not? Are you ashamed?"

"Don't talk that way, El. I just meant this: The baby's going to affect Hugh's dream of marrying Kay Harrison this fall. We don't want Hugh to resent the baby."

"No," Ellen said. "I don't want any one to resent my baby. And"—she yawned—"I'm getting awfully sleepy now, Ken."

"Well, I'll go along down, then."

☆ DOWNSTAIRS I began to feel a little bit cynical myself. At least there wasn't much beauty or mysticism in my nightly ritual. In the

kitchen I tightened the faucet that dripped in the sink and decided for the twentieth time to buy a new washer for it. Then I tore the top page from the daily calendar on which Ellen had written the supper menu and a reminder to make a dentist appointment for Henry and to buy some new socks for me.

I went out onto the front lawn and turned off the sprinkler and coiled the hose. I stood for a while looking up at the stars. There wasn't any lift in them, either. I said to them: "Guess I better take out some more life insurance pretty soon now."

Back in the living room a bunch of crazy thoughts began tormenting me. It must have been nerves. What would the fellows in the office say about this? And on the seven twenty-two each morning? I imagined a lot of red-faced men mouthing cigars and whacking me on the back and shouting for the occupants of the smoking car to hear: "Hey, boys! Old Ken Bemis's goin' to have a baby! Ha-ha-ha!"

Then I wondered what my boss would say. His name was Leadbetter and I had worked for him as an accountant for twenty years. I was still a little awed by him, just as when I first applied for the job.

"A baby, Bemis?" Leadbetter would say. "You? Ridiculous. Never heard of birth control, I suppose? A man on your salary ought to deny himself the luxury of a baby, especially at your time of life."

I imagined myself glaring at Leadbetter and saying, "Then how about a raise?"

But Leadbetter glared back and said: "Plenty of younger accountants glad to take over your job for less salary, Bemis. Fact is, I've been thinking of asking you to take a cut."

☆ I WAS sitting there, thinking how at forty-five you can't even dream yourself any triumph, when Hugh came home. He closed the front door, and stood there flashing the porch light on and off from the inside. Then I guess he must have got an answering flash from Kay's light across the street, because he gave a low happy laugh, and then sighed and came into the living room.

"Have a good time, Hugh?"

"Wonderful. It's always wonderful when I'm with Kay."

He sat down on the edge of the sofa, took off his tie and unbuttoned his collar. He looked at me quickly, his eyes lighting up as if he were ready to say something. But he changed his mind and began drawing his tie back and forth between his fingers.

"What were you flashing the porch light for?" I asked. "Signals?"

"Yes."

"What did they mean? Of course you don't have to tell me."

He looked up again in that quick urgent way, and this time I knew he was going to spill what was on his mind.

"I'll tell you, dad. I want to tell you." His voice shook, and I could feel the emotion underlying his words. "Will you try hard to understand?" he asked.

"Of course, Hugh. I want to understand. I'm your father."

He stood up and came nearer to me, and the light glanced up from the table, showing me all the earnestness in his lean, tense face.

"Here's what our signals mean, dad: They mean that when we love each other, and want each other, and make all our plans together, it seems unfair to us to go on living in separate houses —apart, when we belong together."

Perhaps if it hadn't been two o'clock in the morning, and his lips still warm with Kay's kisses, he wouldn't have spoken that way. But if he hadn't I wouldn't have known how desperately he wanted to get married. Hugh suddenly wasn't a boy any more, and marriage wasn't a dream. It was a plan of life, and he and Kay could see no other plan.

☆ "DAD," he said, half frightened, "isn't there a chance for us? Isn't there some way you could help us get started? Once you said you thought you might. Remember? It was the night Kay came to supper."

There wasn't any way of saying no that wouldn't hurt him. It was useless to tell him he was too young. He could be hurt just as hard at eighteen as at twenty.

"I'm sorry, Hugh. There isn't a chance."

"But you said—"

"I know. But since then something has happened that makes it impossible."

"What happened?"

"There's a reason why I can't tell you, Hugh. But you'll find out in a few months."

"Does mother know about it?"

"Yes."

"Then why shouldn't I know? Isn't it fair that I should know about the thing that spoiled my chance of marrying Kay? If I knew, maybe I could do something about it."

"No, Hugh," I said; "you couldn't do anything about it. Nobody can. It just happened."

I began to feel that the last hope of finding any poetry in the situation for Ellen was gone. Hugh had turned a little to one side. He was intent, thinking. The light on his face caught him for an instant in a way that startled me. Did people mean it when they said Hugh bore a striking resemblance to me? Was it possible that I had truly looked as he looked now? When was it, anyway? How had it felt to be like that, to burn inside? Had there been a time, before Hugh was born, when I was straight and quick, my eyes clear and searching, and my voice alive with hope? Had there been a time when I was Hugh?

"Dad," he said, looking at me earnestly, "do you know what it's like in your heart to want to have a baby?"

For one crazy second I thought I had spoken the words myself, that I was Hugh. Then I was just Hugh's father again, and I couldn't tell him that I had lately been realizing what it was like in my heart *not* to want a baby. I couldn't tell him that the main reason against his marrying Kay and having a baby was that his mother was going to have one.

"You don't know, dad, do you?" he said miserably. "You don't know what it's like. You don't know how beautiful it is."

He wasn't accusing me, and that was what hit hard. He was forgiving me! He stood very close to me, his eyes shining. Then, as if he were afraid he had hurt my feelings, he said: "You've worked pretty darn hard for us, just the same, dad."

I held the lump down in my throat till he went upstairs to bed. I stayed in my chair awhile. All I could see was the half-shabbiness of the living room. It was clean and neat, but there hadn't been anything new for years except some slip covers Ellen had bought at a sale. After a time I went upstairs, too.

☆ FOR the next few days Ellen covered up her feelings with a false brightness. We didn't talk about the baby. We just talked all around the subject. It made everything seem strained and artificial, and all the spontaneity of our relationship was gone.

Even Henry, our fifteen-year-old, felt it. With his customary directness, Henry said: "What's got into this family, anyway? Something's wrong. Hugh sits around staring into space, and dad doesn't talk much, and mother is too darn cheerful."

When I'd told Ellen about my talk with Hugh, she had laughed and said, "Oh, well, they're young. They can bear up."

"I had no idea it meant so much to him, El," I said. "He was hurt. You could see it in his eyes. You can see it now."

Ellen had made herself brisk and busy straightening magazines on a table. "Lots and lots of people get hurt," she said lightly. "They usually get over it—when they're young."

"You don't sound like yourself at all, El. What's the matter?"

She turned quickly and the cynical smile came again on her lips. " 'What's the matter?' is a question no man ought to ask his wife. If there's anything wrong with her, he ought to know what it is without asking."

Toward the end of the week I discovered that the premium on more life insurance at my age was going to be stiffer than I'd thought. It made me feel blue. The insurance companies are always right, I thought. They bet that you're going to live, but the higher the premium the greater the odds against you.

I left the office early and came home to talk it over with Ellen. She was lying on the sofa in the living room, and I knew she had been having a bad time too, so I didn't say anything about insurance.

"Hello, El," I said. "I thought I'd

come home from the office early."

"Why, dear? Anything wrong?"

I bent over and kissed her. Then I took her hand and said: "No. Everything's right. Everything about the baby, I mean. I'm glad. I came home early to tell you I'm glad about the baby."

"How nice," she said. "How very nice! When did you decide to be glad?"

"Oh, I don't know. It came over me."

She turned her head away so that I saw her profile. I had always thought of this as Ellen's character look, and sometimes it made me wonder why she had married me and if I were equal to her standards. But somehow in the look she let me know she was in the game for good, no matter how it was played. But how can you play

it right when there isn't enough money and your time is running low and all the poetry is gone?

"Don't try to fake it, Ken," Ellen said. "Please, please don't do that, dear. It's worse than nothing."

"Fake what?"

☆ "ABOUT the baby. I know how you feel, and why you feel that way. I wanted this to be like the other times, when Hugh and Henry came. But I wanted the impossible, and no one's to blame—no one. Only please don't try to fool me again."

She sat up on the sofa and smoothed her hair, and I could tell there wasn't going to be any more talk about the baby. "Kay's coming to supper," she said. "Hugh invited her."

"That's going to be fun, isn't it?" I asked.

"Why do you say it like that? Don't you want her to come?"

"Well, I feel responsible for making them miserable—Kay and Hugh. That's all."

Ellen looked at me sharply. "Want me to tell her not to come?"

"No; of course not."

"Then please don't act as if you did. Hugh and Kay have got something on their minds. They want to talk about it. We're going to listen—you and I."

They had something on their minds, all right. You knew by the way they looked at each other that they'd talked it over and over between themselves. Their faces were flushed and anxious, and when their glances met it did something to my heart. They didn't say anything till after supper. Kay helped Ellen with the dishes, and Henry went off down the street on his paper route. Then, when the four of us were together in the living room, it happened.

Ellen was in her chair at the opposite side of the table from mine. Hugh and Kay sat close together on the sofa in front of us. They whispered and held hands, and then I saw Kay looking into Hugh's eyes, giving him all her love and hope and encouragement.

Hugh turned toward us with his head up high and said: "Mother and dad."

"Yes, Hugh?" Ellen said.

I saw Kay's hand tighten in Hugh's, and I knew it was a big moment for both of them when Hugh said: "We've got a plan. We've figured out a way to get married that won't cost much."

"What is the plan, dear?" Ellen asked.

"It's so simple!" Kay cried. "If only—"

"Yes!" Hugh said excitedly. "I don't see why we didn't think of it before." He stopped, his cheeks coloring. Then he said to Ellen: "Mother, wouldn't it be all right to have dad move back into your bedroom with you, the way it used to be?"

Ellen gave a small bright laugh. "I think it would be fine. I'd like it very much—the way it used to be."

Hugh and Kay were elated. Their eyes danced, and Kay said to Hugh: "Go on, darling. Tell them the rest of it."

"Then Kay and I could get married," he said. "We could have dad's room together. It would be our home for a while. It wouldn't cost anything extra, and Henry would have a room all to himself. Don't you see how simple it is?"

☆ FOR a second or two it was so still I could almost hear the tobacco burning in my pipe. Then Ellen said to them, "It isn't as simple as you think."

"But why not, mother?"

"Because dad's room is going to be occupied."

"Occupied?" asked Hugh. "Why, mother? When?"

Leaning toward them, looking strangely young and a little defiant, Ellen said: "In about six months. You see, I'm going to have another baby."

"What?"

She told them again, and they sat there looking at her for a long time, and I could see something happening in them. What had I thought their reaction would be? Hopelessness? Resignation? Resentment? It was none of these. It was nothing I could have imagined, because it was of the stuff of dreams. It came into both of them while I watched, and it filled them to overflowing. Some of it poured over into me.

"Why, mother!" Hugh said, and Kay's eyes moistened and she whispered, "I'm so excited! It makes me so excited!"

They kept staring at Ellen, then looking into each other's eyes, then turning to Ellen again. I knew, suddenly, what had happened inside them. It had happened selflessly, overwhelmingly, and without the need for words. If they couldn't have a child of their own, then they would have this one. This baby would be theirs.

Whatever Ellen had wanted me to give her Hugh was giving her now. He jumped up and ran to her side, peering at her with something very close to worship in his eyes. I knew, and Ellen knew, that he was already building a wall around her to shield her from all the pain and danger that ever existed on earth. But, more than that, he had given her the very sense and being of the night so long ago when she and I went walking in the moonlight to rejoice about him, six months before he was born!

He bent now and kissed her and said, "Why didn't you tell us before?"

"Dad thought you might resent it because of your plans."

"Resent it?" Kay said incredulously. "Resent a new baby?"

Hugh didn't make any comment at all. He said to Ellen, "When is the baby going to come, mother?"

"Sometime in March, I think."

☆ HUGH and Kay began talking together as if they were alone in the room. They discussed what they would do to my room to make it brighter for the baby—the room that might have been their first home. They must have shopped around, planning to redecorate the room for themselves, because they kept referring to things they had seen. There was a fuzzy blue blanket that they had dreamed of buying for their own baby. They agreed on the blanket for the baby that was coming. They spoke ecstatically of certain wallpaper with a design of white clouds, silver stars, and fishes. They thought the baby would like it.

I couldn't keep my eyes off Hugh. The light had caught him in that same startling way. My heart jumped as I began to remember the time I had looked as he looked now. Was it true? I wanted to believe it, and to believe that I could do for Ellen what he was doing now. He had stopped in front of her, his eyes afire with a wild kind of curiosity.

"Mother," he said, "what is it like? I want to know what it's like."

Had I said that nearly twenty years ago? Hugh's voice sounded like an echo of my own, and Ellen heard it, too. She was answering Hugh but looking straight at me: "Oh, I can't describe it—but it's good. It seems to answer everything."

Had we said those sentences, Ellen and I, the night we walked in the moonlight, talking of the unborn

(Continued on page 55)

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Mord

Hitler's niece, Geli, drawn from a description given by Mr. Riess, who knew her. This girl was in Hitler's life before his rise to power, and no photographs of her can be found.

ILLUSTRATED BY AL MOSER

☆ "NO, none of us knew it. None of us suspected then that she was Hitler's great love. We found that out later—when it was too late."

The man who told me this in Paris had been a member of the innermost Nazi circle at the very beginning.

"Of course," he continued, "it was no secret among us Munich Party members that Hitler went around with girls. He would pick up chorus girls in the Ceylon Tea Shoppe. Some of the higher-ups complained that he was spending too much time in the Fledermaus Bar, a second-rate night club. There was also, during 1922, the affair with his chauffeur's sister, Jenny Haug."

In those early days Hitler preferred women who were easily impressed and who would look up to him and, when he ranted at them, would tremble. He needed this kind of effect. He could not have lived without it. He wanted people to be afraid of him—his women included. In those days he always carried a whip with him, no matter where he went.

This one woman he was really in love with was hardly a woman then. She was still a child—his niece, Grete, whom he called Geli. The relation of a niece to an uncle made possible the only relation of a woman to a man which suited him: the relation of a slave trembling before her master.

To little Geli, Hitler was at first almost a father. She lived with her mother, Hitler's sister, Frau Angela Raubal, and her elder brother, Leo, in his Munich apartment in the Prinzregentenstrasse. Her father had died when she had been too small to remember him.

Uncle Alf, as she called Hitler, was a rather severe master of the household. Her mother often cried when he rushed around shouting for his dinner and eating most of the meal prepared, so that the others had hardly enough. He often had terrible rows with her brother, Leo, whom he would slap and once even beat with his whip.

But he was different with Geli. When he came home late at night, he would come to her bedside and wake her up. He would look at her for a long time, and then say, "Now you may sleep again, little Geli." Later he became more nervous, had those fits of his. But when he started to break china and Geli began to cry, he would stop, take her on his knees, and dry her tears. She was too young to miss him when he went to prison, and when he came back he was too busy to pay much attention to her.

She had grown up in the meantime. She was a very good-looking young girl now, very much the blonde, blue-eyed Gretchen type, shy and sweet. But she had definite ideas about her future. She wanted to become an opera singer. Her mother didn't have money for expensive lessons. But when Hitler heard about it, he at once declared himself willing to pay for her studies. He evidently thought of them as a mere amusement for her. Otherwise he would hardly have made the offer that led later to a tragedy.

The family now lived most of the year in Berchtesgaden, where Hitler had rented a house. The son of the owner of a near-by estate fell madly in love with Geli, and she was quite taken with him. There were walks in the moonlight, and most probably a few kisses. For some time "Uncle Alf" didn't seem to realize what was going on. Then, one evening when Geli came home from a party, he was waiting up for her. He was furious. He absolutely forbade her ever to see the young man again. His voice grew louder and louder, and suddenly there was a whip in his hand.

A few minutes later he was a changed man. He put his arms around the sobbing girl, begged her to forgive him. And then he kissed her. He kissed her face, her neck, her eyes, her arms. And then he rushed out of the house.

Next morning he left for Berlin. When he came back a week later he would hardly speak to Geli. She lay awake nights, crying.

One night he came into her room. She stretched out her arms toward him—and saw the whip. For a long

Women in Hitler's Life

The strange story of little Geli. She was Der Fuhrer's niece . . How did she die?

BY CURT RIESS

whose book, Total Espionage, throws timely light on the Nazi spy system and its battles against the British and American secret services. He did newspaper work in Berlin until Hitler's rise to power, then in Paris until 1934, when he came to the United States as Paris-Soir's correspondent. Since France fell, he has done much writing, has edited the book entitled I Was a Nazi Flier, and collaborated on My New Order, the book that contains Hitler's speeches.

time he just looked at her. Then he said, "You must sleep now, little Geli."

From then on they were inseparable. He took her to Berlin, and when he was in Munich she had to come to the apartment in the Prinzregentenstrasse.

Even in those days Adolf Hitler was mad about the movies—a passion which in later years was to be a decisive influence in his love life. Whenever he was free of Party duties, he would go to the movies. Geli didn't like them. They hurt her eyes and gave her headaches. Furthermore, since she thought of herself as a future opera singer, she felt a certain contempt for the movies. But Hitler had to go to them, and he had to have her sit next to him. So she went.

He didn't want her out of his sight because he didn't want her with anybody else. When he told her so, his voice became threatening. She was afraid of him—and he seemed to enjoy it. And still she loved him.

She had no more time for her music lessons. Worse still, Hitler was jealous of her music. She saw nobody but her mother and Hitler. She was like a captive. She was his slave. She would endure the most horrible pain and still smile because she loved him.

Intimate friends guessed the relationship between niece and uncle. Others knew. A Party member named Emil Maurice blackmailed the Führer for 20,000 marks—the price for keeping his mouth shut. But to the great majority nothing leaked out. At least, not until the tragic end.

There were other women besides Geli—lots of women. The young Hitler was hardly a lady-killer. He was undernourished and skinny; his little mustache looked even funnier than it does now; his clothes were ill-fitting. Anyhow, his ruling interest was politics. But soon he realized that some women were helping the Party, and thereby helping him. Through his friend Dietrich Eckart he met society women—in Berlin as well as in Munich—who, mostly for romantic reasons, were willing to part with considerable sums for the sake of the needy young Party. After he was released from prison in 1925 he said repeatedly to friends that, but for the women, the Party would never have survived those lean years.

The most important among these women was Frau Helene Bechstein, the widow of the famous piano manufacturer. She was a tall, rather heavy woman at least twenty years older than Hitler. She gave him tremendous sums. Sometimes in those inflation years, when she didn't have cash at her disposal, she would give him a painting or two from the celebrated Bechstein collection.

There is no doubt that she was in love with Hitler, probably in a more or less maternal fashion. Often she said to friends, "If he were only my son!" While he was imprisoned she visited him often, pretending that she was his mother. She smuggled in letters and news of other Party members, and took his own letters and instructions out.

Whenever he was in Berlin, he used to visit her. She had a soothing effect upon him during his nervous crises. She would stroke his hair and call him "Wolf" or "Wölfchen." Or she would sit at a Bechstein piano and play Wagner for him.

After he became Chancellor, of course, they didn't see each other so often, and according to good sources they have all but broken off relations lately. The reason was the pogrom against the Jews in November, 1938. It was then that the old woman grasped for the first time the true nature of Nazism. She was seen rushing around, trying to help Jews, giving them money and food. That, of course, was reported to Hitler. From that time on he was never seen at her home.

Her daughter Lotte, too, played a certain role in Hitler's life during the early '20s. Lotte was not young any more, and was not exactly good-looking. She smoked cigarettes incessantly in an extremely long holder; she raced about Berlin and Munich in a low-slung sporting car; she thought Hitler was just too divine, and may have hoped he would marry her. He sent her flowers from time to time and was not unwilling to be taken about in her car, but to his friends he said, "If you only knew what sacrifices I have to make for the Party!"

Another woman who supported the Party financially in the early days was old Frau Hanfstaengl, an American by birth. She not only gave Hitler money but put her house at his disposal when he was hiding out from the police after his putsch. Her son Ernst, called "Putzi," was the Nazi foreign press chief—until he had to flee Germany for his life.

Her daughter Erna was never an admirer of Hitler. A good-looking tall girl, she was one of the main attractions of Munich society during the early '20s. Hitler undoubtedly was intrigued by her, but he never got to first base. She married a young surgeon, Ernst Ferdinand Sauerbruch, who soon afterward accepted a call to Berlin University merely to get his wife away from Hitler's embarrassing attentions, and who became widely known not only for his professional skill but for his cynical remarks about Hitler and Nazism. Yet, even when Hitler came to power, nothing ever happened to Sauerbruch. Perhaps he was one of the few men of whom Hitler was really afraid.

There was, in those Munich days, still another woman whom Hitler failed to get—at least, then. Eva Helen Braun was born in 1909, the daughter of a schoolteacher in Munich. The family lost almost everything in the war and in the inflation. Evi, as her friends called her, grew up to be a pretty girl of medium height, with ash-blonde hair. She wanted to study art, but had to take a job with a

Munich photographer, Heinrich Hoffmann, a friend of her father. Hoffmann was the man who then and later on took almost all the portrait photographs there are of Hitler. It was through him that Evi met the Führer.

She was always gay, always ready to have a good time. She had a good voice and could sing Bavarian songs. She went to Hitler meetings with Hoffmann, but she told friends that she thought they were boring.

Nevertheless, she liked Hitler. And Hitler did more than just like her. He could forget all his troubles while he was with her. The friendship went on for a few years, and then she thought he should marry her. So, incidentally, did her family.

Then there was an excursion into the outskirts of Munich. While they were alone in the woods, something happened—exactly what, probably nobody but Hitler himself and Evi knows. But when they returned, she refused to see him, to talk to him on the telephone, or to answer his letters.

She thought it was all over. She had seen the abyss and she had run away. But, as time proved, she had not run far enough.

Geli could not run away. That is why Geli did not survive. Her death in September, 1931, has been the outstanding mystery of Hitler's life. Some of those who knew Hitler intimately say he killed her. Even his most painstaking biographer, Konrad Heiden, who when he first wrote about Hitler believed she had committed suicide, later stated that he believed so no longer. Others said that Geli was assassinated by associates of Hitler who feared she might ruin his career.

☆ OUR version is based on the revelations of Geli's mother, Hitler's sister Angela, to one of her closest friends. Here is her story.

In September, 1931, Hitler had come to Berchtesgaden for a few days' rest. On the second day of his stay, Göring telephoned and asked him to come to Munich immediately. He took Angela and Geli with him to the apartment in the Prinzregentenstrasse. During supper, Geli nerved herself to tell Uncle Alf something she had wanted to tell him for months. She had decided that she must break loose from him. She would always love him, but things could not continue as they were. She had to think of her future.

"I'm leaving Germany," she said. "I'm going to Vienna. I'm going to take music lessons there."

Hitler held his knife and fork poised in the air. Then he went on eating. Geli began to cry.

Perhaps her sobbing broke some bond that had restrained him. He pushed his chair back and shouted, "So you are leaving! You tell me just like that! How long since this was decided? Why didn't I know about it?"

When she didn't answer, he sprang to his feet, gripped her shoulders until she uttered a little cry of pain. Suddenly he rushed from the room, to come back with his whip. Angela sprang between them and took the whip away. Hitler sat down mechanically and started to eat again.

After supper, Angela took the train back to Berchtesgaden. Later she said she shouldn't have. At the time perhaps she thought Geli would be able to calm him, as so often before.

What happened then, Angela learned from the cook weeks later. According to this old woman, it was quiet for a while. Then Hitler began to bluster and shout again. The cook heard a door slam. Then she heard chairs falling and the swish of a whip. When Geli began to scream, the cook screamed too.

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It was probably only a few minutes before she gathered enough courage to go in. The living room was empty. From Geli's room came low moans. "Fräulein Grete, Fräulein Grete!" the cook cried, trying the door.

After a while Geli whimpered, "He's locked me in."

The cook found a key. Geli was lying on her bed. "Thank you," she murmured, smiling weakly, when the cook brought her a drink of water.

The sound of the shot came at half past eleven. The cook ran into the living room. There she found Geli crouching beside the big leather armchair, her left hand clutching her dress above her heart. As the cook fell to her knees beside the girl, Geli's right hand slowly released the gun. Then her hand came up to her mouth as though commanding silence.

The cook remembered that Hitler had often impressed on her that if anything should happen in his apartment, she was not to call the police. He had given her a telephone number. She went hurriedly to the telephone.

Ten minutes later two cars arrived and seven men came in. One of them, a doctor, made a hasty examination, and then Geli was carried to her room. The cook was ordered to keep quiet. She implored one of the men to telephone to Geli's mother. When Angela asked anxiously why she should come at once, the man who had telephoned her hung up.

Angela arrived at 3 A. M. She found not only the seven men but Hitler and Göring. Hitler, driving to Nuremberg, had been reached in Augsburg and had turned back.

"I want to see my child, I want to see my child!" the unhappy mother screamed. They wouldn't let her into Geli's room. Then the door opened suddenly and Hitler stood in the doorway. He stared at Angela without seeing her. He was deathly pale and his eyes were red-rimmed. When he stepped back into the room, a guard prevented the mother from following.

From time to time the door opened and the doctor came out, hurried into the kitchen, and returned. At five o'clock Hitler came out. His head was bowed. He let it sink upon Göring's shoulder and he began to groan, "She's dead . . . dead . . . dead."

☆ GÖRING beckoned. The doctor led Hitler to his bedroom. Then Göring straightened up.

"Where's the gun?"

They handed it to him.

"Does any one know where she got it?"

One of the men said, "It's the Führer's service revolver."

There was a silence. Then Angela spoke: "Impossible. Adolf's revolver is always locked in his desk. He's the only one who has the key."

All the men stared at her. Göring bit his lips. "You are deeply affected, Frau Raubal. You don't mean quite what you're saying. You must never say that to any one else. Never."

"But it's so," she insisted. "He's the only one who could have taken it out of—" There she broke off, having suddenly realized the full significance of what she was saying.

Göring whispered, "Never to any one else. Understand? Otherwise we'll have to send you to a sanatorium."

There was no police investigation. Everything was hushed up. Geli was buried in Vienna, in the Zentralfriedhof. Only two weeks later Hitler, who was then not allowed to enter Austria, was able to get a permit for a twenty-four-hour visit. He came to the grave late at night. He put a bunch of flowers down. Then he stood there for a long time.

Two Austrian plain-clothes men did not take their eyes off him.

THE END

Still more women in Hitler's life! He has not been known to the world outside his Nazi inner circle as a travesty, morbid and cruel, of a "great lover"—but read Curt Riess' further revelations in Liberty next week.

#53

BY RICHARD HECKMAN

☆ "MR. GRIGAS, I humbly beg to presume?"

The words were spoken through the roar of the rickety transport flying over northern China, bearing two passengers out of a new flare-up of the country's unending battle against her tormentors. The speaker was an ancient white-bearded Chinese. He spoke in English, as though that tongue had been common to some previous conversation.

The other passenger, Grigas, had been watching the Chinese since they boarded the plane together at the village where he had arranged to meet it. It is necessary to watch everything and trust nothing when you are an agent of international insurrection, in service of the fatherland, operating to split the Chinese armies and so hasten the entry of the Reich's Japanese ally into the world conflict.

So Grigas kept the hand in his pocket tightened over the butt of the Luger while the old man said, "I see you do not recognize me. I am Dr. Yen. Once, many years ago, it was my honor to have you as my patient."

"As your patient? Of what ill?"

"Bubonic plague."

"The plague! Yes, of course—"

Lieber Gott! Grigas was thinking. It must have been ten—almost fifteen years ago, after he had first been dispatched to the Orient to study the art of spreading disunity at which he was a master now. He remembered that this doctor had found him in a distant village outpost and nursed him back from the dread disease.

He took his hand off the Luger and held it out, New World fashion. Dr. Yen's tired eyes twinkled gratefully.

"You are still pursuing your archaeological studies?"

Grigas said, "Until today. Today the new fighting has finally made it impossible for me to go on."

"I apologize for my country's turbulence," the doctor said with deep sympathy. "I too have been forced to leave the province in which I have labored all my life. These hands are too unsteady to be of any use now. I go south in hope of spending my last days with my daughter."

Grigas, at ease, said sympathetically, "It seems to have become the lot of medicine and science to save men from lesser ills that they may destroy each other with steel."

The doctor wiped his gold spectacles with shaking fingers. He said in a timid, broken voice, "I have thought many times—I have saved perhaps a thousand lives. Many Japanese, many German. I wonder often for what did I save them but to stab my China? Yes, it is a terrible thing for a doctor to say, but if I could give back disease to perhaps a hundred of those I once saved, my country might not be crippled now."

Grigas, who had left behind work that was crippling China at the rate of more than a hundred lives an hour, touched his hand. Dr. Yen brightened. "But you, my friend, are one from whom I can draw faith. Still pursuing your work to the last moment. Ah, that is well! Tell me more of it."

Grigas was about to tell him, in the polished sentences he had rehearsed so often, when the plane gave such a lurch he nearly fell out of his seat. The motor sputtered and died. At the same moment the pilot up ahead unbuckled his harness and tossed his parachute back so it fell at their feet. The man's impassive Mongolian face did not change as he gestured helplessly at the stalled motor and indicated he would stay with the ship.

It was the only parachute aboard. Darkness was falling and, below, the tortuous mountain wilderness promised certain destruction if they crashed. Grigas' hand went back to the Luger in his pocket.

But Dr. Yen said softly, "May I humbly help arrange the parachute about you? You are young, vital and alive, a man who may yet live to do much good in this sorry world. I am an old goat at the end of his tether. There is a mountain village below. I regret that it is in the hands of the enemies of my country. But when you make yourself known as a neutral and a scholar, even the Japanese will insure your safety."

Buckling on the parachute, Grigas smiled, remembering the papers in his pocket that ensured his safety in any Japanese-held post in the world.

"There is just one last humble request," Dr. Yen said, opening the worn handbag he had kept beside him. He drew a small glass tube from the welter of many within. "The needle is best hidden in the haystack," he apologized. "In this tube is the sum of my worldly possessions. It is a diamond of considerable size, preserved in camphor. If you would forward it to my daughter, I should join my ancestors in peace. Her address is written on the scroll inside."

Grigas knew enough of the treasures of these mountains to take the tube without visible surprise. He was thinking of how they would laugh in Tokyo and Berlin at the story of the trusting old man who had consigned life, a parachute, and finally a diamond into his keeping.

Dr. Yen helped him push the cabin door open against the slip stream. "Good-by, my son," he said. "May the birds smile upon your descent."

A few short minutes later Grigas stood on the rugged countryside, watching the gleam of torches winking over the fields as soldiers of the garrison ran toward him. In his hand he still held Dr. Yen's last commission. Trusting no one, he pulled the cork from the tube with a laugh, and drained the contents through his fingers until they caught the hard crystalline surfaces of the treasure. He reached to put it in the locket around his neck, when part of the diamond seemed to flake in his fingers. He rubbed it quickly and scratched it against his cheek. He bit hard into it with his teeth. It crumbled like sugar between his lips.

With an exclamation, he whipped out his flashlight. As it glittered on, he heard the cough of a motor overhead. The plane he had left was picking up power and soaring away in the night.

He flashed the light on the scroll in his hand. He frowned suddenly when he saw, written in the dialect of the countryside, "#53—A. J. Grigas."

Turning it over, he read with dawning horror:

To all others:
AVOID!!! DEADLY DANGER
Living culture
BUBONIC PLAGUE

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

He looked unhappy. "I regret, ma'am—Mr. Preswald is playing a hand at cards." He bowed.

ILLUSTRATOR SEYMOUR BALL

Mississippi Belle

She sang, with the moon on her shoulders—and men got an ache in their throats

BY CLEMENTS RIPLEY

☆ CAITLIN, seventeen-year-old orphan daughter of Shamus Ryan, an Irish immigrant who became a successful contractor in Boston, is at a convent school in the year 1832 when she falls in love with Beuchleigh Preswald, a Harvard senior. With the approval of Bishop Brady, who was a boyhood friend of Shamus, and of Sister Serena, a worldly-wise and understanding teaching nun, they are married directly after Buck's graduation.

With Caitlin's inheritance—$25,000—and $3,000 of his own, Buck buys cotton land on the lower Mississippi and buys the labor contract of a gang of Paddies—Irish immigrants who must work until their passage is paid for. They go west by the Canal, and life is sweet and thrilling to Caitlin until, at Buck's instigation, Coolin, a big ugly Paddy with more brute strength than brains, fights the bully of the Canal and has his face slashed with a razor. Caitlin sews up the cuts and then faints.

She didn't know it, but in that moment she had bought a dog, a savage, murdering dog—and very faithful.

PART TWO—DEATH ON A HONEYMOON

☆ THEY got off the Canal and they went overland, Buck and Caitlin in a fine chaise, the gear in freighter wagons, the Paddies tramping along behind. Oh, there was no fun in this life like travel to the West!

And then the great river boat! The River of America—the high banks to the right, and the low banks to the left. The plush-and-gilt saloon, the eating and drinking, the neat doll beds (one above the other) in the cabin. Sure it was the fun of this world!

The Paddies were herded on the lower deck forward, mixed with the freight and separated very little from the coffles of black slaves bound downriver. A wild lot, given to sudden savage fights for no understandable cause. But when the moon silvered the River and the hot sky dripped stars, a clear voice would strike up and the rest would join in.

Never a song they sang but Caitlin's father had sung it. They were the wild songs she knew. Leaning on the rail of the upper deck, she caught herself humming, caught her foot tapping wistfully. "Ah, sure," she thought, "I'll never be anything but a Mick."

Then one night they turned loose with The Wife o' the Red-headed Man. She couldn't hold in any longer. She let it go—a warm, sweet contralto weaving in and out of the melody. The elegant ladies and gentlemen of the upper deck stopped to listen. Her voice carried back to the saloon, where Jim Blake tossed in three queens before the draw and stepped outside to hear better.

There was young Dan Bedford, too. Dan Bedford was eighteen, on his way back from his freshman year at Yale to the Bedford plantation near Memphis. Ever since he had come aboard he had been aware of Mrs. Preswald. Within the first fifteen minutes he had got the purser to look her name up in the list. He had discovered that she was a "married woman." Well, of course that settled it. As a matter of fact, Caitlin was just six months younger than himself, but this never occurred to Dan Bedford. He only knew that here was a lovely lady, with the moon on her shoulders, and when she sang he got an ache in his throat.

The song ended. The Paddies heaved up a great yell of delight, and there was handclapping on the upper deck.

Buck came up from behind and gripped her arm. "Caitlin! What d'you think you're doing?"

She turned on him. "I'm singin' the songs my father taught me—and what d'ye think you're doin'?"

Dan Bedford saw it, but he was too far away to hear. He saw that something was wrong between Mrs. Preswald and her dark man-of-the-world husband. He had a sudden vision of rescuing her, knightly fashion, like the heroes of Sir Walter Scott's novels. He grinned—a white charger on a paddle boat!

The moonlit dream was broken. Dan Bedford began to laugh at himself—hollowly. He always laughed at his own moods. Sir Walter Scott did that—and Dan Bedford intended to be a writer, like Sir Walter. Maybe, sometime, somebody like—well, a dark, beautiful girl with a moonlit singing voice—would say, "Won't you help me—"

☆ FOUR cabins away, Buck was saying, "But, Caitlin—have some sense, dammit! Darling—Southern ladies don't mix with—"

"And who are you, to call me a Southern lady? D'you think you're better than my father? Sure, he'd take ten like you and be the better of all ten. He'd trample the living tripes out of you. Ah, sure I'm a Mick! I'm a Mick and very proud of it!"

Buck said, "Sweetheart—Caitlin! I didn't mean—"

"Yes you did! And let me tell you a thing, Buck Preswald: I'm a Mick, and my father before me! And I'll sing the songs my father sang, and— Oh, Buck—Buck! Don't let's be this way! Ah, Buck, darling—I'm a bad girl—I'll not sing any more—"

☆ IT was next afternoon that Coolin appeared, his conical hat clenched in his big sweating hand.

"Now, your honor, there's a very bad thing. Tooley McCullah and Tim Sweeny had a bit of a turn-up, and Tim got his chist kicked in very bad. It's very, very bad, your honor. He's all bent-like—"

"Dammit, you're supposed to handle—"

"Now, your honor, and didn't I handle it to the best o' me abilities? Sure, Tooley was bootin' Tim—so I hit Tooley. And that was a very bad thing, sir, because Tooley's jaw broke. I'm a very strong man, your honor—that's the curse o' me life. Anyhow, Tim's bent-like and he can't breathe, an' Tooley's jaw is broke and he can't swalla. And the two o' them is screechin' holy murther. If your honor'd come down an' ease them off—"

☆ THAT started a fight that was like no fight before.

Caitlin ripped the sheets off her bed. She grabbed her little basket with the needles and sewing silk.

"Now wait a minute!" said Buck. "Wait—"

"Wait? Don't you know those two are hurt bad?"

Buck tried to make her reasonable. He even got her to sit down and argue—reasonably. This was not as though Tim and Tooley were Negro slaves. He explained: Naturally, a Southern lady took care of her people; his mother had been present at every birth and death on the place. But these Paddies were white. They could take care of themselves. Of course he'd send a doctor, as soon as they could get one. But a lady couldn't go down

to the lower deck and mix with a lot of tough white men—she'd be the scandal of the River!

And Caitlin would go! . . . And he would forbid it! What's more, he'd stop her. . . . And let's see him!

And—"Take your dirty Sassenach hands off me, Buck Preswald—you and your Southern ladies, and to hell with the lot of you! I'll go take care of my own people!"

Buck gripped her wrists with one hand. While he was turning to lock the door with the other, she got one hand free and hit him as hard as she could. He laughed.

And then Caitlin said the one thing —the thing she was sorry for ever after: "And whose money is in Tim and Tooley? Yours or mine?"

Buck stopped laughing. He bowed and unlocked the door. "Yours, my dear."

☆ OH, if only Buck had turned her up and licked hell out of her! She had it coming—she knew it. But he didn't.

Caitlin's small heels hit the deck steadily, tramped down the ladder.

She did what she could for Tim and Tooley, and it was nothing at all. It did seem to hearten the Paddies that her ladyship came down to the lower deck. They struck up The Rising of the Moon. She had promised Buck she wouldn't sing again, but she couldn't help just kind of weaving along with them.

Ah, she'd go up and tell that Buck that anything he wanted was right. She would so!

He wasn't there. She put on her prettiest nightgown and waited. Oh, if he wanted to lick her, she had it coming—oh, she should never have said the thing she said.

Buck came in. He was white drunk; not just drunk—white drunk. Polite!

She said, "Ah, Buck—"

He said, "Good night, my dear," and went to bed.

Well, if that was the way he wanted it—

☆ IT took her a long time to get to sleep. When she woke, Buck was gone. She dressed and had her breakfast. She looked for Buck on the upper deck, in the saloon, everywhere. She would tell him how wrong she had been. She ought never to have said that!

The purser bowed, with, "Good morning, Mrs. Preswald. You were looking—could I help you, ma'am?"

"Why, why, my husband, sir. Mr. Preswald—"

The purser turned his cap uncertainly between his hands. A heap of times gentlemen didn't care to have their whereabouts known to their wives. The purser had had long experience minding his own business.

At this point a voice spoke up from behind him: "Will you present me to Mrs. Preswald? Daniel Bedford."

The purser made the introduction. Young Bedford bowed—she bowed. The purser escaped. The kid's family were big people around Memphis—what happened was not his business.

Caitlin saw a big, nice-looking boy. Clumsy, though—as compared to Buck. But nice-looking. Dan Bedford saw a vision—just something he wanted. And, of course, something he could never have. Married!

But he could do her a service. "Mrs. Preswald, your husband—that is, Mr. Preswald, I mean—he's in the saloon bar. He's playing cards. Could I carry a message?"

Caitlin got hold of herself. "Thank you, sir." She smiled. "I'd like to speak to him—please."

She gripped the rail. "Dear God, I was right in doing for Tim and Tooley, but I was wrong in what I said to Buck. Oh, sure, let any punishment fall on me. Oh, God, I'll take the licking of this world—I'll learn the whole dictionary by heart—"

She wouldn't let her eyes go to the door of the saloon bar. But they did.

This big young fool, Daniel Bedford, was coming back. He looked unhappy. His mouth had a hard set to it.

"I regret, ma'am—Mr. Preswald is playing a hand at cards. His respects—he'll be happy to see you later." He bowed.

"Oh, will he?" Caitlin caught herself. "Sure I thank you, sir; you've been very kind. And if you'd just tell him—" She stopped; she made herself smile. "Ah, Mr. Bedford, I'm making an errand boy of you. Please let you forget it. If you happen to see him, would you tell him that if he wants me he can find me on the lower deck —taking care of my people."

He watched her go down the deck. He didn't approve a lady going down there among those wild Irish. Preswald ought not to let her do it alone.

He watched her disappear down the forward companion and went back to the saloon bar.

There were six players around the round table with the green-baize top. Four of them were upriver planters whom he knew by sight. The fifth was Jim Blake; he was a professional, known the length of the River. They sat, intent on their cards, the smoke of their cigars a canopy overhead. Preswald was dealing stud—not dealing very well. Occasionally he would throw out two cards for one. But it was a friendly enough game—they'd simply push the card over to the man who should have had it.

Dan Bedford waited until the deal was over and the cards had passed. He tapped Preswald's shoulder.

Preswald was polite. He got off his chair, unsteadily, and took off his hat while Dan gave the message. "Thank you, Mist' Bedford—'preciate your trouble. Y' servant, sir." He slapped his hat back on and turned back to the table. "Deal me in, please, gentlemen." He sat down.

He hadn't said a thing Dan Bedford could hit him for.

☆ BUCK didn't come in for the two-o'clock dinner; the card-players had theirs in the bar. Caitlin sat at the long table and swallowed tears and turtle soup, pompano and pain, marron and misery. The only thing she didn't swallow was her pride. Dan Bedford watched her achingly. When she got up, he managed to corner her outside. He stood, hat in hand.

"Mrs. Preswald—it's not right for you to be down there alone. Mr. Preswald is engaged to play cards. I've nothing to do—I'd be mighty happy—"

"Please, no! Oh, please, Mr. Bedford—you've been very kind indeed. But I'm safe among my people—sure they wouldn't understand a gentleman coming down to protect me."

She fled along the deck and down the companion ladder. Oh, she was doing a wrong thing, maybe. But she had sent a word to Buck, and Buck hadn't come at all. She could have made Buck jealous, maybe, with this Dan Bedford—but she didn't want Buck jealous. Oh, dear God, make Buck and me how we used to be!

☆ CAITLIN waited, down on the lower deck. It was little she could do for Tim and Tooley; but Coolin told her that her ladyship being there, an' thim not to die unbeknownst in a heathen foreign land, eased them a great deal. And would her ladyship condescind to sing The Green Fields of Amerikay?

She started it low—she had promised Buck she wouldn't sing with the Paddies any more. But the Paddies came in. Her voice weaved amongst them, so it did—she couldn't help it. Some one started the long-drawn, fighting howl of The Wearin' o' the Green. Her father's song. She let loose! And then, starting all by herself, Tom Moore's The Minstrel-Boy to the War Is Gone.

There was enough breeze to whip it up and coil it around Buck's throat in the saloon bar. He called on an acefull he had meant to work on. Jim Blake heard it, too. He showed four fives, raked in the chips, and said, "Deal me out for a little. I'm going to get a breath of air."

Dan Bedford, gripping the rail, did not notice him until the song was over. Then a voice at his shoulder said, "Nice, wasn't it?"

"Nice?" Bedford turned indignantly. He had been listening to a golden voice—an angel—an—an— "Yeh," he said lamely. "Right pretty. Mist' Blake," he went on earnestly, "Mrs. Preswald oughtn't to be down there alone with those wild Irish. It might make talk. Somebody ought to tell her husband to go down there with her."

Blake grinned lightly. "Like to tell him yourself?"

"I've tried. He insults me so I—well, so I can't hit him exactly. He's drunk—you know that. Playin' in a big game—"

"That's his affair, Mr. Bedford. Not yours—or mine."

Dan Bedford said steadily, "It's yours, Mr. Blake—but I think I'll make it mine. I'll come in and join your game."

"Sorry, Mr. Bedford—we don't need you. Got six now."

"You're refusin' to play with me?"

"I am, Mr. Bedford. Now wait a minute, Mr. Bedford. You're about to say that I'm a professional gambler, workin' the River. You are correct. I work the River pretty successfully, and I do not use gimmicks or devices. I do not use sand-tell, needle-tell, cutting-into-crimps, brace boxes, or high layouts. I could tell you a lot more. Myself, I can't hot-deal, but I could show you how it's done. I can hire hot-dealers the length of the River, two dollars a day up. They are all broke and some of them are clever; the cleverer they are, the broker they are. I never use them. Pure mathematics gives any dealer enough edge—"

Dan Bedford said, "I want to play in your game."

Blake's face went blank. "Sorry—I have rules. One is, I don't play with anybody under twenty-one."

"You can't make rules for me!"

Blake smiled. "Anybody who tries to make rules for another man is a fool, Mr. Bedford. Anybody who doesn't make rules for himself—and keep them—is worse than a fool. . . . Well, I must go back. Evening, sir."

Sir Walter Scott hadn't given Dan Bedford any answer to that.

☆ CAITLIN didn't know what to do. She didn't know much about these things. She counted on her fingers (Caitlin was never a mathematician) and found she had been married seven weeks.

She stayed awake until Buck came in. She said, "Ah, Buck—plaze, yer honor—"

She had thought it up for a long time, lying there. She thought he'd laugh.

Buck didn't laugh. He was white drunk, trying to get out of his trousers without falling over them. He said, "All right."

She got out of bed, in her prettiest nightgown—maybe he hadn't heard the first time. "Now, plaze, yer honor, I've a thing to tell ye—"

"Well, what the hell y' want now?" He eyed her as evenly as a man can with one leg in his trousers and one out. "Your money—not mine. Said so y'self. No argument about that."

Tonight Buck had lost his own three thousand and some eight thousand more of Caitlin's. He did well to be angry.

Caitlin had her own anger. She got into her bed and turned her face to the wall. Long after Buck had crawled uncertainly into the upper berth and begun to snore, she was fighting back the sobs that shook her. And she was scared—she was scared and alone. But she wouldn't give him the satisfaction of knowing.

Ah, Buck—Buck, come down and hold me in your arms—

☆ CAITLIN was gone when Buck got up in the morning. He stared at the face that swam in the shaving mirror, and he was scared, too. He tried to take stock. About all he could remember was that he had lost all his ready money last night. Without cash his land contracts and his labor contracts weren't worth the ink on them. This was a bad situation and it called for a lot of thinking. He had lost a lot of Caitlin's money. He had an idea that he had been pretty disagreeable to Caitlin last night, too. Things began to fit in his mind. What he must do—he must go down on the lower deck and talk to Caitlin. He must tell her he'd lost her money. She had been wrong when she went against him on going down to the Paddies. He had been wrong when he didn't go down with her. He tied his tie, yanked it out, tied it again. It was a hell of a thing for a man to have to do—go tell his wife

"Poor Rusty—he just gets one sister about raised and his mother presents him with another one!"

he was wrong and had lost her money. But he was going to do it—right now!

Get some breakfast first, though. Coffee.

"Yes-*suh!* Caw*fee*—comin' up!"

"Good heavens, don't say 'comin' up'!" Buck held his head.

The boy grinned. "Let me spill a li'l hooker o' brandy in 'is cawfee, seh. Glass o' water. Now jes' you take 'is li'l absinthe on the side. Bound to be good fo' yo' trouble. Half a dolla, seh—an' thanks fo' the extra."

The extra was worth it. Buck could think again.

The money was gone. It was Caitlin's fault; he would never have done it if she had been reasonable. Nevertheless, it had been Caitlin's money. The only thing he could do was to go down to the lower deck and tell her. That was going to be a tough bullet to chew. One more absinthe—

A brilliant idea exploded inside him. Get it all back!

Four hours later he had made a good start. He had nearly a thousand; the cards were running his way. But it was slow. This was a smaller game than last night's. He had to have action while his luck was in.

In one of the drink intervals, which custom decreed every hour, he put it up to Blake.

Blake said, "Mr. Preswald, I can't raise the game. I make my living because from Cincinnati to New Orleans I'm known for giving players the kind of game they want. I can't drive these gentlemen out of my game to please you, sir."

"Side bets, then."

Blake shook his head. "The beauty of poker, Mr. Preswald, is that every man is playing against the whole table. Big side bets between two players make it a personal duel. It's unfair to the other players—and it changes the mathematics."

☆ "SO you'll take my money in one kind of a game and then won't give me the same game?"

"Well"—Blake refused to be angry—"you have something on your side there, Mr. Preswald. But I don't see how it's to be done—at the moment. This is business with me—pure mathematics, and my regular business. Tell you what I'll do, sir. Come a little aside, please—"

He drew Buck out of earshot. "If I understand you, it must be all or none with you. Same with me. You can't start cotton planting without the twelve thousand that you've lost to me. I can't start a gambling place in New Orleans without the twelve thousand or so you say you've got in land and labor contracts. Put those contracts in with me—I'll sell 'em and get cash. I'll start the house. In ten years you'll be a rich man, Mr. Preswald."

Buck said, "None o' my people ever ran a gamblin' house. Thank you kindly, Mist' Blake—no!"

Still Blake wouldn't lose his temper. He said, "My people never ran gambling houses, either, Mr. Preswald. They were farmers, country doctors, lawyers, preachers. I became a gambler because, as a teacher of mathematics, I found out that the mathematical player will inevitably beat the casual player in the long run. Luck has nothing to do with it. I can show you the percentages against the casual player and in favor of the house—if you can understand—"

"Un'stand hell! I'm a Harvard graduate. Where'd you ever teach anybody math'matics?"

"At Harvard, Mr. Preswald. A little before your time."

"You were some kind of tutor, I guess. Now you've won my money, you won't give me revenge—"

Jim Blake was beginning to lose his temper now. "Apparently your manners are as bad as your poker. I'll be glad to give you revenge. Want to make it all or nothing?"

Jim Blake didn't like doing that. He didn't like throwing it onto luck—he worked on mathematics. But he was human; he could be irritated. And he might as well be broke again as have twelve thousand dollars.

"Sure!" Buck's luck had been running. "One throw! Cut for high. Ace is high."

Blake nodded to the barman, who brought a fresh deck of cards, sealed up. The crowd had begun to gather.

(Continued on page 46)

A Black Cat Crosses the Road

READING TIME • 2 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

A FOUR-STAR BROADCAST BY GEORGE HAMILTON COMBS, JR.

☆ GEORGE HAMILTON COMBS, JR., news commentator on WHN, New York, amused himself last week by rendering on the air the simple sentence, "A black cat crossed the road some place in Germany," in the several different styles of other news commentators. His versions follow:

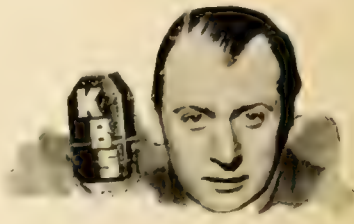
RAYMOND GRAM SWING: "Good evening. Tonight a cat so dark that it could almost be called black without straining the artistic verities, crossed a significant road—crossed it not boldly and overtly but timidly and cautiously, with a diffidence that might almost be born of fear. Now, the implications of the act of this equivocal cat have not been ignored by the more perceptive observers. They see in it a paradox which is not without analogy in our present struggle. They see the cat as a symbol of totalitarian stealth and they are wondering what lies on the other side of the road. After all, cats are animals and the significance of this should not be lost on any of us."

WYTHE WILLIAMS: "According to my confidential sources, a black cat crossed the road at exactly seven thirty-three tonight. It was accompanied by three agents of the Gestapo and Herr Hitler's housekeeper, and after crossing the road, says my source, the cat went straight to sleep in the second-floor bedroom of the red brick house on the southeast corner of Unter den Linden. At air time tonight, according to my private information, the cat was still sleeping soundly, and Hermann Göring made a trip across town in his bright red Benz to bring it a juicy steak. My sources say the field marshal has mistaken the cat for a tiger cub. For next week, be on the lookout for the fate of the cat."

H. V. KALTENBORN: "Good evening. There is little doubt that a cat crossed the road. That raises an issue of supreme importance. It reminds us to ask—not only for our own enlightenment but for the security of the world—*what* was its motive? Moreover, the question which at once comes to mind is this: What will Russia do? This is the question. If we know the answer to this, we shall put our fears to rest."

GABRIEL HEATTER: "And so tonight a cat called Black walked across a street called Time. Life writes another headline, and to a headline hunter there are headlines even in a cat called Black. And now a word about F-R-I-M-L, Friml. What a bar of music for five cents! Ladies and gentlemen, we all know and love to hear Carrie Jacobs Bond."

ELMER DAVIS: "Tonight a black cat crossed the road, no doubt because it wanted to get to the other side, and the late dispatches don't say whether or not it is on its way to Siam, where it has relatives."



JOHANNES STEEL: "Tonight a perfectly fantastic cat, animated no doubt by German propaganda, walked right into a group of socially-conscious and leftist dogs, and at a late hour tonight it had not been heard from. Whether the cat died a fantastic death, we do not know."

THE END

READING TIME • 2 MINUTES

Sweetest Game of the Year

The Sugar Bowl classics beckon Liberty's champs

BY JOE WIEGERS

☆ THERE'S little chance of resumption of Olympic activities until Hitler is caged, but the New Orleans Mid-Winter Sports Association offers a mighty fine substitute. As in other years, its program will start on December 27 with rowing races, to be followed with yacht races, a track meet, boxing, basketball, tennis, and finally football on New Year's Day, when two of the best teams in the country will meet at the Bowl.

The popularity of the Sugar Bowl classics has snowballed since 1935. Sports writers and commentators throughout the country are invited to send their recommendations to the Association, and that information guides the committee. To date there has never been a one-sided football game; no team has won by more than eight points. No wonder more than 70,000 tickets are sold months ahead!

In 1934 a group of men of vision moved to put New Orleans on the sports map. The stadium at Tulane University seated 25,000 people. The newly formed Mid-Winter Sports Association's charter members, aided by contributions, had built up a $30,000 reserve which paid all expenses. For three years this system was in effect. But by 1937 the crowds were getting too big for the stadium and in '39 it was enlarged to seat 70,000. The Association raised the money, and today New Orleans is thanking Warren V. Miller, Joseph M. Cousins, Herbert A. Benson, and A. N. Goldberg, the Sugar Bowl presidents who won out. Mr. Goldberg is the current president.

The calendar of sports during the mid-winter week is strictly amateur. Sugar Bowl records are studded with the performances of ranking tennis players and track and field stars. The basketball feature this year will bring Long Island U., winner of the Madison Square Garden Invitational Tournament, face to face with Tennessee, South-Eastern Conference champions. And the Sugar Bowl game has its own hall of fame.

Ordinarily, because some outstanding football players are not members of winning teams, they never see a Bowl game. But this year Liberty will invite a group of them to be its guests at the Sugar Bowl. If a player is named on Liberty's All-Players All-America team, and if his college is not invited to any Bowl game, then he will be invited. The plan fits in with the Liberty method of All-America selection—a poll, conducted by Norman L. Sper, of some 2,000 players on the 110 leading college and university teams, each player being asked to name the outstanding players he has faced during the season.

Liberty's guests will be taken to New Orleans and will enjoy all the fun of the week. Between the halves of the big game, Mr. Sper will present them with Liberty trophies. The rest of us, not fortunate enough to be there, can listen to the broadcast, sponsored by Gillette blades, over the NBC Blue network.

THE END

Aspirin for Highbrows

"You can't keep looking down on the movies if you want to eat," said Phil. Then it happened

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

☆ WHILE he waited for his first conference with Mr. Tanner, Herbert sat and looked out the window. Six feet away was the tremendous bulk of a sound stage, and his view was a blank expanse of stucco wall. Because of the stage, sunlight entered his small office only between the hours of eleven and twelve in the morning. Three days of waiting had enabled him to check on that pretty accurately.

There was a chipped and battered desk with one large drawer mysteriously stuck, a typewriter on a table with wheels, two chairs, and a couch.

Beyond Herbert's door was a tiny reception room. In it was a composed brown-eyed girl, plucked suddenly three days ago from the typing department of the studio and installed as his secretary. She sat silently all day long on an uncomfortable stenographer's chair, reading. Herbert had gathered that she was called Harriet. He never called her.

Directly behind him, spread open on the desk, was the treatment of a motion picture tentatively titled The Arizona Kid. It had been written by some six other men, and it was the most loathsome story he had ever set eyes upon.

There was a knock on his door. Herbert swiveled around. The girl called Harriet stuck her head inside.

"A Mr. Heller to see you," she said.

"Send him in," Herbert said. "He's my agent."

Phil Heller entered. "Hello, darling," he said. "What's cooking?"

"Nothing," Herbert said.

Phil sat down on the edge of the couch and lit a cigarette. "Seen Tanner yet?"

"No."

"How's the story?"

"It's the most puerile, stupid, inane, pointless and idiotic mess of hash ever concocted by mortal man," Herbert said.

"For heaven's sake, Herbie," Phil said. "I know you got a Guggenheim Fellowship and wrote a swell book. I know you write clever poetry. But you can't keep looking down on the movies if you want to eat."

"All I said—"

"I know what you said. You always say the same thing. I'm telling you I can't get you any more jobs if you don't stop sneering at producers. I had a heck of a time getting you this one. All they say is, 'Where's his screen credits? What did he do at the other studios?' "

"You asked for my opinion," Herbert said. "I gave it to you honestly."

Phil clutched despairingly at the blue muffler he wore in lieu of a tie. "Nobody's paying you to be honest. You scare the guys you work for with those big words you use. Can't you be simple?"

"I'm afraid not. I had the misfortune to be educated."

"Misfortune is right," Phil said, and groaned. "Well, Tanner is your last chance. I hand-picked the guy. He's a college man like you are. Maybe he'll understand what you're talking about."

"I doubt that," Herbert said.

Yet there was hope stirring in him. If Tanner was a man of any cultural attainments, and they could meet on even ground, Herbert felt he could do great things in the cinema. Perhaps The Arizona Kid could undergo a sea change and emerge as something fine and significant. Stranger results had been achieved.

The telephone rang in the outer office. In a moment the girl called Harriet stuck her head in again and said, "Mr. Tanner will see you now, Mr. English."

Herbert rose and tucked the treatment under his arm. Phil followed him out into the hall.

"We who are about to die," Herbert said, "salute you."

☆ TANNER'S outer office had two handsome secretaries, both vibrant with authority.

"I'm Herbert English," Herbert said to one of them. "I believe Mr. Tanner called for me."

"Oh, yes," the girl said. "Will you please go right in, Mr. English?"

Herbert opened the door and stepped inside.

"English?" Tanner said. "Sit down. I'll be right with you."

Herbert lowered himself into a rich leather chair. Directly in his line of vision was Tanner, seated behind a big shiny desk. His new producer was a short, broad man with very little hair and turkey jowls. There was an expression of grim concentration on his face.

While Herbert was wondering if the jowls came from grog or a meticulous barber, Tanner picked up a tele-

Harriet stuck her head inside. "A Mr. Heller to see you," she said.

BY ROBERT CARSON

phone and said, "Hazel, I don't wish to be disturbed for ten minutes. Tell everybody I'm in a story conference." Then he replaced the instrument and turned to Herbert.

"Suppose we open the conference," he said, "by a brief résumé of your fundamental reactions to The Arizona Kid."

"My reactions to a story," Herbert said, "are always predicated upon the importance of the story. This is a Western story, and as such, I suppose—"

"A Western story," Tanner said, interrupting him, "must have the abstraction and strength of the mountains themselves. It must be sophisticated, but its sophistication can arise only from the essentials of its main course. Deviations of character are not allowable unless your motivations are securely grounded."

Herbert stared at him in stunned silence. He had intended to be witty, even ironical in a restrained way, but now the words wouldn't come. This guy was off like a rocket.

"We are driving for a goal, remember," Tanner said. "Each incident is a contribution to that climactic end. Our incidence affects the primary stages of the interrelation of characters."

Mentally, Herbert got up from his knees and tried to raise his hands. It seemed to him that Tanner was moving in for the kill. He knew he ought to let loose a barrage.

Instead he said, "Why, yes."

"The worst involvements I have with my writers," Tanner said, "is when I attempt to persuade them to separate the twin prime elements of a work in fictional form. As you probably realize, those twin elements are personal story and background. In my personal stories I want the machinations and contrapuntal ensnarements of struggling humanity. Background is nothing to worry about. It is merely the main stream, the dressing of the essential differential of the tale. Yet many writers cannot apparently distinguish these elemental points."

At that moment Herbert knew all was lost. Tanner had taken the initiative in an unbreakable grip. He couldn't rouse himself to make a fight. It was a far, far better thing to sink peacefully beneath the waves and start looking over the classified advertising sections tomorrow under HELP WANTED. Dreaming, he heard Tanner ask him to give his conception of what The Arizona Kid should attempt to say.

"This guy is a sort of Billy the Kid," Herbert said, blurting it out hopelessly. "Dangerous and cold. Quiet. He comes to this little Western town. There is a war going on between the sheepherders and the ranchers." He glanced surreptitiously at the treatment open on the couch beside him. "The girl's father is sheriff. He is for the ranchers. Our boy takes the part of the sheepherders. Boy and girl fall in love. They are torn by terrible emotions. It is practically the Civil War all over again. Our pay-off is a big battle between the two factions. The girl, ravaged by love, rides to stop the slaughter. She is shot. Both boy and sheriff realize the futility of fighting. Girl almost dies. A way of patching up the war is devised by her. She gets well."

Herbert's words trailed off into gloomy silence. Never had a lousier story been told in a stupider manner. This was, of course, the end. But the end could have been tempered if he hadn't hated himself so bitterly for being overawed by Tanner.

The producer arose from his desk. "This is only a preliminary survey, English," he said. "Nevertheless, I think we have accomplished something as regards our intrinsic humanistic values. I'll call you again in a day or two."

Herbert nodded and smiled falsely and went blindly out. Tanner was disgusted but he was giving him a polite brush-off. Well, it was better thus.

Herbert stopped by one of the secretary's desks.

"Could you tell me," he asked, "what institution of learning Mr. Tanner attended?"

"Massy Agricultural College," the girl replied, "at Massy, Idaho."

"Thank you," Herbert said.

He returned to the scenario building, amazed at the pitfalls and the gins that were laid in Hollywood. It certainly was a hell of a note when a Dartmouth man went down before a Massy Aggie.

☆ IN the morning Phil turned up smiling. Herbert was staring at the sound stage and he didn't even swivel about.

"How did the conference go?" Phil asked.

"As smoothly as a dose of castor oil down the human throat," Herbert said dully.

"That's what I hear from Tanner," Phil said. "I was just in his office. He's raving over you. Says you're the first writer he's had in a long time that's understood him and hasn't tried to put up a big intellectual front. What did you do, Herbie—finally take my advice?"

Herbert got tangled up in his chair and had to face Phil. He was beginning to sweat.

"He's got another story for you," Phil said, "as soon as you finish this one. You're in, chum. He paid you a very high compliment. He says you're the only man in Hollywood who can literally tell a story on the back of an aspirin tablet."

"That's what I need," Herbert said. "A couple of aspirin tablets." He raised his voice, new authority ringing in it. "Harriet!"

THE END

The World Sings Hymns

BY GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

☆ FIFTEEN years ago a young man stood in the doorway of a lodginghouse in a Boston back street. His clothes were shabby. His shoes were thin in the soles, down at the heels. His pocketbook, like his waistline, was showing the effects of its stringent diet. Down the stairway came the voice of his landlady.

"You're just wasting your time," she was saying. "I never knew a singer yet who could earn his salt with his voice."

Today that young man lives on an estate of his own near Westport, Connecticut, and his voice is the most recorded voice in the whole radio world. Every morning except during week-ends it goes out, across the five continents and the seven seas, to wherever the short waves carry. Its transcriptions are heard throughout the day and evening, sometimes over as many as forty local stations. Special recordings are used for the daily devotional exercises now on the upswing in the schools.

The voice of Edward MacHugh, the Gospel Singer, is not a great voice. But it is a voice that says things to people, does things for them. And so, along with its other rewards, it has made him one of the most written to stars of the air.

Four girls are kept busy opening and sorting his mail. Letters come from remote and unexpected horizons —from places like Mozambique, Cape Town, and unpronounceable outposts on the borders of India or high up in the Andes. Most often they are letters from the sick-abeds, the shut-ins, the old, and those of all ages who have somehow lost their way and who, through some quality in his voice and his words, have found it again.

A schoolteacher in the Southwest writes in. Two years ago she had been in an automobile accident. After several operations the doctor said she must be reconciled to life in a wheel chair. One morning she tuned in on the radio. The Gospel Singer was singing The Great Physician. It took hold of her mind. "Suddenly," she says, "the light flashed. My limbs relaxed. In a few days I was out of bed. For some time I have been able to go about my usual duties."

In one week's mail there were seven letters from men and women who by the turn of a radio button found new values in lives they were about to end.

Edward MacHugh does not stand alone in the receiving line when the letters come in. There is a camaraderie among his listeners which often bids them to generous response when he lets them know of one another's needs.

A son writes in that his mother will soon be 104 years old. He would like to surprise her by having Sweet Bye-and-Bye sung on her birthday. The Gospel Singer announced the date and the song he would sing. When the day came around, the old lady received four thousand letters well punctuated with presents.

MacHugh stumbled into hymn singing. Yet he does not believe the stumbling was an accident of fate but the natural working out of an ever-ready principle.

We were sitting in the living room of his Dutch colonial farmhouse and looking out through its many-paned windows to the great stretch of gardens that has made his home one of the show places of Fairfield County. "I don't think," he told me between puffs at his pipe, "that one ever just stumbles into things. Whatever we get, good or bad, is preconceived.

"I know it has been so with me. For, if there is anything I have learned from life, it is that if you put your mind on a thing and keep working toward it in the right channel, you are bound to find your niche. It may not be the exact niche you had planned for yourself, but it will be a good one—better than any you could think up by yourself. And that goes, no matter how far on the sad side of scratch you start out from.

"But you've got to stick it out. Every sidetrack, every delay, may lead to ultimate failure."

There was nothing of the smug about Edward MacHugh as he spoke. He was telling me of things that were still too real, things that had cut too deep into the quick of his own life, to permit of any complacency. Of a childhood in Dundee, Scotland, lived to the blasts of a mill whistle that never forgot its cue. Of a mother, left a widow with five children, working in the mills from six in the morning until six in the evening, six days a week, at a weekly wage of ten shillings. Of never enough money for rent of the two-room unheated stone tenement flat and for food and clothes and a bucket of coal at the same time. Even when the six of them were finally at work, it was not possible to tie up

Edward MacHugh's hymn singing echoes across the seven seas.

he remarkable story of radio voice that goes to he ends of the earth

again

ends too short to meet. Every Sunday Mrs. MacHugh marched her brood off to the Band of Hope for their one square meal of the week.

Before Edward, who was the youngest, was seven, he was selling papers on the street—and singing sometimes for his pals as he beat the pavement with his feet to keep them from freezing. At ten he had saved enough to buy his first pair of shoes. At twelve, apprenticed to a baker for a few shillings a week, he saved enough to pay for his first regular suit of clothes.

It was like this with the MacHughs until Edward was seventeen, when his mother bonded herself to a loan company in Glasgow for the family's fares by steerage to Canada.

"That was the MacHughs' first break," Edward said as he went on to tell me of his job in Montreal. "Cleaning out cars, at twelve dollars a week—more than all of us together had earned back home. We were all getting better pay. And we would have been O. K. if it hadn't taken six years to pay off the bond on mother."

For a long time Edward knew that people liked to hear him sing. Weren't they always asking him to do so—back home on the streets and tenement stoops and in the Sunday-school cantatas? And now in the railroad yard and at Settlement House they were saying he should have lessons.

One night he went with a group of young people from Settlement House to sing at a charity benefit given by the Montreal Hunt Club. At the end of the evening a great lady asked them to sing the national anthem. Edward MacHugh was the only one who knew it. The lady was the Duchess of Devonshire. When she heard Edward's voice, she was so pleased that before long Edward was on his way across the ocean to study for two years at the Royal College of Music in London and later on at music schools in Paris.

By this time you would think his troubles were about over. But he still had his ladder to climb. The agents and managers in the big cities of the United States and of Canada just couldn't see him as a concert or opera singer. His mother was failing before her time because of the burden the years had placed upon her. Work of any kind at any price was his great necessity. So he forgot his voice and signed up for the part of the ragged hungry boy in The Cotter's Saturday Night which some Scottish players were putting on the college circuit in Canada and the United States.

Six years went by with little heard of Edward's singing except within the walls of his one-night back-hall bedrooms, or through impromptu warblings indulged in at the request of his fellow troupers. Then once again he found himself stranded, this time in Boston with his landlady to the fore.

"Good for me it was," he laughed to me, "that there was another lady in the picture—the lady who is now my wife. I took quite a bit o' rigging from her. 'You've got the voice,' she said, 'but you're not going to get any place with it if you keep running away from it. What you have to do is to sing, and keep on singing, even if you don't get paid for it.' Sure I took her advice. And I've been doing so, all to the good, ever since."

About that time radio was making its popular debut. As a bait for the curious, a Boston department store installed a large glass cage, putting on a radio program every afternoon. Seeing the announcement in the morning paper, Edward made up his mind that he was going to get a job in that store, just any kind of job, in order to be near a radio. In a few days he was sitting at the exchange desk, pay fifteen dollars a week.

When the novelty of the radio wore off, the crowd dwindled. Edward offered his services for nothing. After his second program of ballads and folk songs the store began packing them in. His singing days had begun, but with no rise in pay.

One old lady—old ladies, by the way, seem to have done a great deal toward making him what he is today—asked him to sing Old Rugged Cross. He said he would learn it and let her know when to listen in. Scarcely had its last notes died away when the telephone calls began, with letters following—three thousand of them. At his elbow stood the old lady. "You can sing hymns better than any one I ever heard," she beamed. "You ought to call yourself the Gospel Singer."

The Gospel Singer he became, with the churches beckoning to him and always sure of a full house when he took their bids. One evening, when he had sung at a service in Springfield, Massachusetts, he received a message from the manager of the Boston office of the National Broadcasting Company asking him to be on hand the next day. Answering the summons, he was asked to sing two hymns for a "very special old lady." When he had complied, he was told that some one wanted to thank him. The some one was Mr. John F. Royal, vice-president of the company.

A few days before Mr. Royal had found his mother trying to get the Gospel Singer on the dial. When he told her he had never heard of such a person, she replied that he had better listen in. "That man's kept me alive for months," she said.

"Now," said Mr. Royal, "I'm going to give you the chance to do for the whole world what you've done for my mother. I'm going to put you on the network."

MacHugh's response was determined. "No, mister, you're not. I'm not going to live in New York."

"Very well," was the reply. "Then we'll bring New York to you."

In time Westport became the reasonable compromise.

Now, Edward MacHugh's attitude in this instance is wholly typical of the man he is. Money as a means is much more to him than as an end. "I wanted money, of course," he told me. "But I wanted it only because it could buy the *things* I wanted. Life in New York was not one of them.

"This is what I want," and he made a sweep with his hands. "I never get out of bed onto my warm rug that I don't give thanks as I remember those days in Dundee, with my mother getting out of bed in the dark and the cold, running off to work half the time without proper food. My one regret is that she died too soon to taste the fruits of my success."

Asked about his hobbies, the Gospel Singer answered, "The two things that I wanted most as a boy—my singing work and my home. This place is the first home I have ever had, and everything about it is of my wife's and my own making."

Mr. and Mrs. MacHugh do most of the work in keeping up their unusual garden. A new name in a flower catalogue is a challenge to their green thumbs. His schedule is planned so as to release the better part of his day for his pottering about the place. Five days a week he is up at five—and off to New York on the six-thirty train, to be back again for an afternoon with his greenhouses, his kennels, or the choice poultry and pheasants he raises for home consumption.

One of his hobbies connected with his work is to collect the favorite hymns of persons—famous and otherwise—whose birthdays he commemorates on the air. President Roosevelt, on his birthday, is greeted with Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Languid, Art Thou Sore Distressed?; Mrs. Roosevelt with Now the Day Is Over; Governor Saltonstall of Massachusetts with Onward, Christian Soldiers. Henry Ford's favorite is What a Friend We Have in Jesus, and Thomas Dewey likes Come, All Ye Faithful. On the birthday of King George of England, over the short waves goes Lamb's 60th paraphrase of Father of Peace, God of Love, sung to the tune of Palestrina.

Unlike some other men who have gone to success through a dark background, Edward MacHugh does not forget those he has left behind. "I hope," he told me, "that when this mess the world is in today clears up, our vision will be clarified. There must no longer be any such childhoods such as mine. For one person who is able to rise out of slums such as I was born into, millions are trapped and held by them. They just have no place in a decent world."

THE END

This Man's Army

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 122 East 42 St., New York.

☆ A GOOD many million words have been published about the morale of the soldiers, but what about the officers? An officer cannot give his best to his men when worried about his personal finances. One group of officers *is* worried: those of the Regular Army who have been given temporary promotions. They have greater responsibilities and expenses but no more pay. So what good is the rank?

What makes this screwy set-up even screwier is that some Reserve officers are getting more pay than their Regular Army superiors. You may not believe this, but I know it's so because my own C. O. is one of the "forgotten men." He's such a swell guy that I feel sorry for him.

Pvt. S. B., Pine Camp, N. Y.

When a man bites a dog, that's news . . . and when a private goes to bat for his C. O., that's bigger news. Something is being done about the situation, too. As I write this, a bill has been introduced by Senator Edwin C. Johnson of Colorado, its purpose: "to readjust the pay and allowances of personnel of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard . . ." One of its features is pay for temporary grades in the Army, already in effect in the Navy. When the bill finally goes through, as I'm confident it will, it will affect both commissioned and enlisted personnel. Secretary Stimson has endorsed it, including minimum base pay of $42 a month for enlisted men.

Perhaps you would like to hear from one of the "Yoo-Hoo" men who walked that famous fifteen-mile jaunt. The 110th Q.M. Regiment has proved to the Army and public alike that they are not the "grocery and delivery boys" as described by that eminent writer, Westbrook Pegler. General Ben Lear has been and always will be deserving of the respect and admiration of his men. We say, without any reservations whatsoever, that he is honest and just in all of his actions pertaining to the men under his command. Possibly this will clarify our attitude and feeling.

L. I. W., Camp J. T. Robinson, Ark.

I've yet to hear the perfect definition of morale, but whatever it is, you've got it, soldier. General Lear should be congratulated for having men in his command who proved they could take it, as well as give it.

I had planned to volunteer in the Regular Army for three years but now it looks as though I'll be called in the draft before I can arrange my personal affairs. Will I, as a selectee, have the opportunity of transferring after I am inducted?

F. H. C., Flint Hill, Va.

The Regular Army will be delighted to have you enlist, just as soon as you want to after induction, provided, of course, that you are properly qualified. Originally, a selectee was required to complete his thirteen weeks of basic training before he could enlist in the Regular Army. Now he can enlist at any time after induction but must complete his initial thirteen weeks' training before he becomes available for another assignment.

Some time after the draft law went into effect I volunteered. When I did so I was told that I would be released at the end of one year of training. Since then the Service Extension Law has come into effect. Does it affect me in any way? I have been told that volunteers do not come under the law and that I will be discharged automatically when my year is up, in February, 1942. Is this so, or not?

Pvt. G. G., Fort Bragg, N. C.

I hate to be the one to break the news to you, but you, as a volunteer for induction, are in exactly the same category as though you had waited to be drafted. You will not be released at the end of your year, except for age, dependency, hardship, or some similar recognized cause for discharge.

My squawk is that the Army is getting very unmilitary. Much as I hate to admit it, I'm a bugler. In the evening, when I blow Retreat, lots of men, and I include officers, keep walking or driving when To the Colors is being played and pay it no more mind than if it were Stable Call. I was taught to come to attention and salute, no matter what I was doing, when To the Colors was played. Was I taught wrong?

Pfc. T. J., Fort Davis, Canal Zone.

Indeed you weren't taught wrong, and this is not a case of every one being out of step but Jim. *You're* in step, "Jim," and if the officers and men don't come to attention and salute when you blow To the Colors, then this Army *is* getting unmilitary.

The old Army saying goes, "To be a good soldier a man has to be a good griper." Judging by the gripes registered on your page, Uncle Sam must have a lot of good soldiers in his Army. Conditions may seem bad to the recruits, what with low pay and the lack of home comforts, but did they think they were being elected to an exclusive men's club? Do we want the dictator nations to get the impression that our Army is made up of a bunch of pantywaists? Doesn't a thorough look at this country of ours today give any man enough incentive to make him want to keep the freedom he has and give his all for it? By rights, Sarge, your page should be filled with letters from men who *want* to register their eagerness and willingness to do something for their Uncle Sam, not to whine and gripe about what he hasn't done for them.

Pfc. L. H. M., Camp Bowie, Tex.

I guess I've had hundreds if not thousands of letters from men saying what you've said, only you've said it a little better. Perhaps the men in off-the-mainland service especially will take your letter as an expression of their thoughts and will forgive me for not printing their letters for lack of space. Most of the griping letters remind me of that old definition of a political speech: "Like the horns on a steer, there's a point here and a point there, but a lot of bull in between."

BY ROIR

"How many times have I told you to close the door when you do that during Harvey's furloughs?"

Life on a U.S. Warship

recently sketched in action by Texaco's artist FRANK GODWIN

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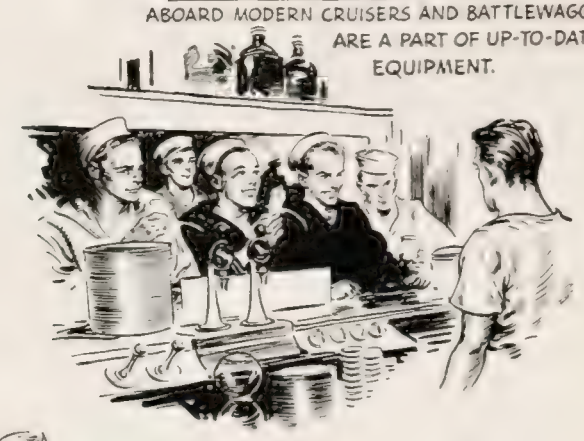

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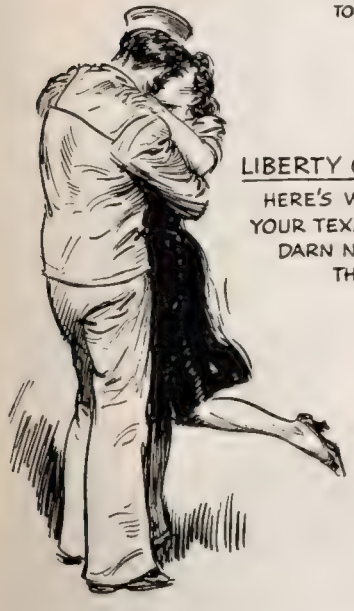
HERE'S WHERE YOUR TEXACO ARTIST DARN NEAR JOINED THE NAVY!



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a Guiding Star

A LITTLE CHILD, just old enough to voice the wonder that is in the eyes of every child, points to the Christmas tree and asks: "Mother, where does the light come from"?

And the mother, lifting the child in her arms, explains that the answer to the question is nearly two thousand years old. It is found in the story familiar to us all, and especially dear at Christmas time: "And, lo, the star which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was."

There was little cheer in the world on that star-lit night. Dread and privation stalked across the land. Poor people struggling for a bare existence had been warned of even heavier burdens. Taxes and terror and tribulation . . . how did the Wise Men have the courage, when they saw the star, to "rejoice with exceeding great joy"?

Wars and rumors of wars . . . what gave them faith to hail the coming of the baby boy as a glorious portent, to welcome him under the radiant title of the "Prince of Peace"?

It was because there was something in the very souls of those men that forced them, in spite of every outward circumstance, to hold fast the faith that darkness must not and cannot be permanent; that the Star of Bethlehem, once revealed to mankind, can never be blacked out.

* * * *

This year let us put up our Christmas lights with a new interest, a new sincerity of purpose . . . to light up for Democracy in a world of blackout, to express our humble thanks for the blessings of America, to affirm our faith in this nation, our hope for the world. Each tiny lamp on tree or shrub, on the house or in the house thus becomes the symbol of . . . the Guiding Star.

Two suggestions: (1) To make sure that everybody can share the joy of Christmas lights this year, we suggest that, as far as possible, you replace only sets that are no longer usable. (2) To make sure that your lights will be good this Christmas and next Christmas, buy American-made lights.

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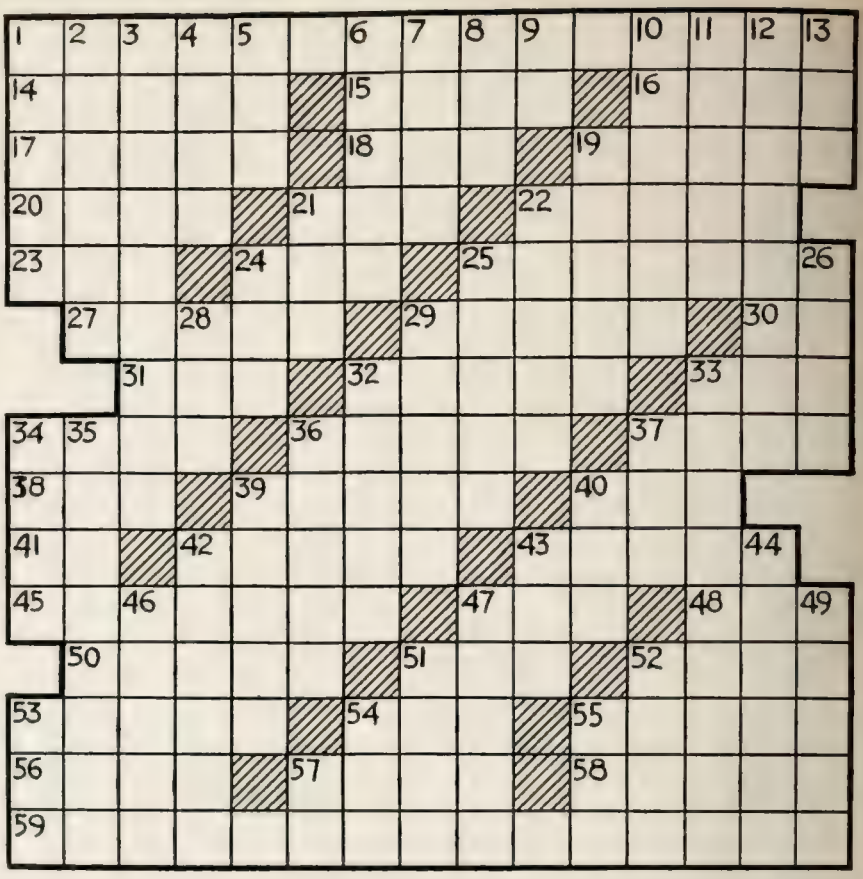
When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

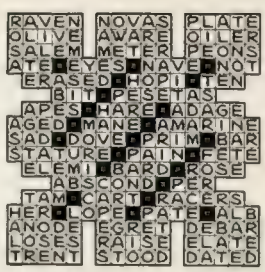
See the WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Holiday, celebrated briefly at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, now given ax (two words)
14 The Babeling air waves
15 What the wise old bird didn't give a
16 Broadway food
17 Europe's a huge one; Hitler's natural habitat
18 Ickes sure is full of the old this
19 What we're urged to do to the Béguine
20 As soon as a woman says a man is this, he's expected to become a golden one
21 What romantic Greek maidens do for their youth
22 It's kindled in sparking places, causing heartburn and a knotty feeling
23 Twisted toe
24 This keeps running around Broadway for years; people pay good money to laugh at it
25 A soily fellah
27 The call of the Wild West
29 A bad day for the savings banks
30 X
31 This is no time for love (there's work to be done)
32 Narrowest man in Asia
33 Catspit
34 Distant expression
36 Erie Canal builder's nickname
37 Things blondes find hard to collect
38 Eleven fifty (Roman)
39 They're hard to get and harder to give back
40 Safety baby food
41 Indistinctly survives
42 Power that operated the Knight Mare Limited
43 "Oh, go ahead and do this!" said F. D. R. when our boats got sunk
45 Vot der brober Cherman girl duss ven der Nazi makes an imbrober atvance
47 The white man's burden (Irish)
48 Winter haven (abbr.)
50 Plain nuts
51 Baby pacifier (baseball)
52 Please call this number ROman 1106
53 If poodles leave puddles, what do frogs leave?
54 A ½-wit dumbo
55 Maybe chickens squawk because they lay these
56 In the Roman year of
57 High-class saloon society designation
58 By properly exercising her eyes and hips any girl can become one
59 Only kind of Bund America should join (three words)



Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 What the police often do to mugs to hang them
2 A smart blonde or a Goebbels truth
3 Teddig to be stubbed ub idd duh nadal paddages, causig one to speag with marbleds idd duh nodze
4 Group of men who run around after horsehide-covered objects
5 Kockeyed Opera Assimilators (abbr.)
6 Some day he'll have haunts in your paunts
7 Please call this number ARabic MXI
8 Half tome
9 Jazz Era Sex Appeal
10 The kinda pigskin an old hog loves to touch
11 Dumb Dora says this is a puppy's mother
12 The Man Who Understands Hitler
13 What Admirable Tojo have for money, please!
19 What he drew when he married the dumb wife
21 Why not a Mack Sennett - - - Throwing Defense Corps?
22 If you see Joe Louis do this, faint! (And you'll never know what hit you!)
24 Improper address
25 Pals of Horizontal 55
26 When one and one make two, what do these two usually make? (multiplication)
28 The Great Day
29 The River of Blood
32 Shi-shi-ness
33 Jimmy Durante's great-great wooden-headed grampaw
34 It'll really be Thanksgiving Day when it's buried
35 The Os of Wish Fulfillment (Turkey)
36 What farmers' feet and jokes are supposed to be
37 Workers Impeding Out-and-out-aid (abbr.)
39 Wins the French with taking ways (German)
40 Bird with big head (abbr.)
42 It's found in midsummer between blankets, and a fan about to waft it away (two words)
43 Alcohol container
44 Headquarters of saloon society
46 "Would it be to your liking to?" (Brooklyn)
47 The Hague
49 One damthing after another (pl.)
51 This is kind of yellow
52 Eleven fifty-one (Roman)
53 A man's best friend
54 You have to sneeze to pronounce his last name (Chinese)
55 If a battleship's broadsides are midships, where is this?
57 Crosseyed Eelsnappers! (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Report from Manila!

BY HALLETT ABEND

Author of Japan Unmasked; for fifteen years chief of the New York Times' Far East Bureau

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

By cable from Manila

☆ "THIS war" they call it in Manila now. There's no longer any pretense that peace can be maintained with Japan. The American army, navy, and air force in the Philippines exist and operate under war conditions. All defense forces of the islands are braced to sustain the first blow and then strike back—hard.

Not only in the Philippines but in Batavia and Singapore there are few doubts that Japan will take provocative action. In some high quarters there's insistence that the democracies must take direct action even if Japan remains quiet; that her striking power must be destroyed—now.

Among the strategists and political leaders of the democracies' defense strongholds in the South Pacific area, two factions exist. The minority believe the main job is to defeat Hitler first. Therefore they urge concentration of all efforts in the Atlantic and the Near East, arguing that after Hitler is beaten Japan will have to evacuate China and disarm to a point where she can no longer be a steady menace.

The great majority, however, are convinced that Japan never will surrender voluntarily anything she has gained by conquest, and that her naval and military strength so seriously curtails all United States aid in the Atlantic and elsewhere that the imperative first task is to destroy her. This majority believe that, Japan disposed of, by shifting American strength to the Atlantic and Britain's immense garrisons and air force in Singapore and the Malay Peninsula to Egypt and the Near East, the task of defeating Hitler will be measurably brought nearer.

There has been intensive arming, reinforcing, and supplying of the Far East forces and positions within the last year. Some of this has been done secretly. It is strongly believed here that if these achievements were boldly announced now, Japan would realize she could not long withstand a combined assault, particularly if the Soviet's Siberian forces could participate. The danger of waiting, leaving the initiative to Japan, is acutely stressed by this majority. If she is permitted an unhindered conquest of the Siberian maritime provinces, she will be formidably strong.

The policy advocated is that President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull should summon Ambassador Nomura and tell him that Japan must abandon her Axis partners or suffer the consequences. Such a step should be taken without publicity, that Japan might save face. Her knuckling-under is not considered likely, but this step would give the democracies the initiative. It also would counteract Japan's continued wishful waiting for Soviet disintegration in Europe, which would make her Siberian expansion relatively easy.

Why the Far East sees no way but war with Japan

A Hitler victory over Russia with Japan's hands free would be a calamity. It might result in the collapse of China's resistance to Japan, for Chungking might well compromise with the Axis as its only possible course.

When shooting war comes, American participation is likely to be limited almost solely to the navy and the air force. The only probable exceptions are land encounters if Japan attempts a conquest of the Philippines, and small, probably token, expeditionary forces to Vladivostok, the East Indies, and Malaya. Talk of an American-British-Chinese-Dutch invasion of the Japanese islands is held to be fantastic, for were Japan's navy seriously

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enough crippled, she would have to surrender. As of today, Japan is estimated to have an air force of approximately 6,500 planes. Many of these are outmoded if not obsolete. The Japanese have, however, an increasing number of a new type of aircraft called "Zeros" which are said to be magnificently fast. But their airplane factories are unable to produce more than 300 new planes monthly, which would not be enough replacements in continuing combats with American, Netherlands, and Singapore's air squadrons.

The exact strength of Japan's navy is unknown, but it is formidable. Even before Japan denounced the 5-5-3 Naval Treaty she began secret construction. True, we also began building warships, but Japan jumped the gun on us by starting much earlier. She is known to be rushing the construction of several capital ships which are larger and faster than anything we have now or are readying. They are believed to be of 45,000 tons, armed with sixteen-inch guns. It was understood that the first one would be commissioned next June and the second next November, but both will probably be ready for service earlier—which is another argument of those who favor early and direct action.

☆ THE present strengths of the American, Netherlands, and British naval forces in this area are, quite properly, closely guarded secrets. Even such facts and figures as are known are unpublishable, due to the strict censorships in Singapore and the Netherlands East Indies. There is no official censorship in Manila, but newspaper correspondents here exercise self-censorship.

At this writing, since the middle of August Japan has been shifting the base of her army operations to Manchukuo, Korea, and far-north China. Hence it is believed that the present lull may last two or three months, or at least until Tokyo's expectation of a Soviet collapse is fulfilled. If so, it will be too late for any successful invasion of the Philippines, which is America's first and immediate concern. That Manila will be attacked is taken for granted, but whether attacks are to be naval and aerial only, or are to include an attempt at invasion, can be known only to Japan's general staff. Unquestionably the capture of an important foothold in the Philippines would immensely hearten the Japanese home public. Moreover, if Japan were at war with the ABCD Powers she could not risk an attack upon the East Indies or Malaya without first wiping out the threat of the strong American position in the Philippines.

Our preparedness measures are being persistently rushed here in Manila, but without disorder, confusion, or signs of panic. Ships and men and munitions are streaming in and through this gateway. Supplies and airplanes and munitions in ever increasing volume are flowing to the Netherlands East Indies, Singapore, and China. In those countries and places, war against Japan is also accepted as a certainty and the beginning of hostilities is held mainly to turn on events in Soviet Russia.

The American navy is now furnishing cruisers to convoy cargo ships and army transports westward across the Pacific from Honolulu. Therefore Japan can have no cheap and easy surprise victories at sea in the form of successful raids against such ships.

When I asked him about the state of preparedness in the Philippines, General Douglas MacArthur, commander of the American forces in the islands, said: "Conditions are good now, but give me a breathing spell of a couple of months and it will be hopeless for Japan to attack the Philippines with the intent of conquest. Before

QUESTIONS 20

Dr. Gregory Pinquetea, special question tester, says to score yourself as follows:

0- 5 right ..... Dreadful
6-10 right ..... Adequate
10-15 right ..... Superior
15-20 right ..... Colossal

1—The nation recently mourned the death of a man who, though he later won honor and distinction, was once referred to by his enemies as "St. Louis of Boston." Who was he?

2—What measure was once used to indicate how far a man could extend his arms?

3—Which President was called the "Father of the Constitution"?

4—What four words follow the phrase, "Alas, poor Yorick!" in Hamlet?

5—Japan is said to fear the "ABCD combine." To what does the ABCD refer?

6—Vivian Grey was written by what Englishman remembered now for statesmanship rather than literary ability?

7—Arrange these figures to represent the highest value: 011001.

8—Would it be possible for an American Indian, born in the U. S., to be elected President?

9—She arrived in the U. S. stuffed in packing cases, but nobody cried "Murder!" In fact, she's been admired ever since. Who is she?

10—"That's a fine kettle of fish!" you say when things look bad. But why should a kettle of fish look bad?

11—Miss Margaret Hamma recently set a new world's record for typing. What is considered the average number of words a minute for a typist, and what was Miss Hamma's record?

12—What is the oldest Greek-letter fraternity in the U. S.?

13—Is the legend of Dick Whittington and his cat founded on fact?

14—Which are the five U. S. cities with populations of more than one million?

15—Ben Jonson, John Dryden, Nicholas Rowe, and Robert Bridges held, at different times, what much coveted post?

16—The name Xantippe, as well educated husbands know, describes a wife who scolds. Who was Xantippe's famous philosopher-husband, and why is she remembered so unpleasantly?

17—How did red and green become Christmas colors?

18—Who was referred to by whom as "a nation of shopkeepers"?

19—Jean Nicot is remembered today because he introduced what into where?

20—What queen received an honorary degree from an American university, and how was it presented?

(*Answers will be found on page 56*)

the first of the year we will have two hundred thousand men here, and that will be ample."

It has been publicly announced that by the end of this year about 130,000 of the Filipino forces will be under arms. By that time the expeditionary force here of American soldiers will be around 70,000—the largest overseas force the United States has sent out since 1918.

Why is war in the far Pacific considered inevitable? Japan has maneuvered herself into a desperate position from which she apparently cannot extricate herself except by fighting through to victory, and she has hesitated and vacillated so long that victory now seems impossible. If she had struck southward just after the German invasion of Holland and the collapse of France, she would have had more than an even break, but now she finds herself committed to a grim struggle that can end only in her defeat. Her adherence to the European Axis is not her main propulsion to war against the democracies. It is probable she could devise some sophistry to justify the breaking of her treaty obligations to Germany and Italy. Her dilemma is the result of long-range considerations of high policy, and her predicament is this:

☆ FIRST, she knows that any understanding she might effect with the democracies would mean giving up all of her military conquests in China and getting out of French Indo-China. Besides, she would have to disarm to a reassuring extent. She cannot desert the Axis without surrendering what she has fought for more than four years to attain.

Second, she dare not remain quiet for long, hoping to see Hitler winning and then to join actively against the democracies—as Mussolini did against France. Hitler urgently needs to spread war to the Pacific in order to lessen the rapidity with which the strength of his foes is increasing elsewhere. He wants the United States in the shooting war so that we must send less of our war output to Britain and Russia. If he wins without Japan's active help, Japan will be in dire peril —and the Japanese know this.

Third, already today, as a result of the freezing of her assets and the cessation of her trade with the United States, all parts of the British Empire, and the Netherlands East Indies, Japan is suffering almost the equivalent of a strict naval blockade. If it continues for another half year her industries will collapse.

Fourth, every month, even every week, that she waits and watches and hesitates, her potential enemies amass more ships, more planes, more trained pilots, more trained soldiers, greater reserves of munitions and material.

There are some people in the Far East who think the Japanese leaders, realizing the Empire's desperate plight, will back down. They point out that Japan has a record for backing down—

(*Continued on page 56*)

"On the Ball! A Winner!"

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Keep your Hair a Business and Social Asset with

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"60-SECOND WORKOUT"!

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Look your best always—win the approving looks and admiration that can help you in your social and business life. Get a bottle of Vitalis from your druggist today and let Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" help you to have handsome hair—and win you greater popularity!

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USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

She opened her mouth to scream and achieved a terrifying silence.

ay of the Lost Minstrel

Barney hated to see the course of true love run cockeyed. And when you mix that with a monkey . . !

BY LYON MEARSON

☆ THE middle-aged man, with pants that bagged at the knees apparently from choice and not through necessity, stood in the doorway for a moment to light his pipe, though no breeze blew. A red-faced man with neither hat nor collar paused for a moment, an unlighted cigarette in his hand. He watched the man trying to light his pipe.

"Spare a light?" he asked.

The pipe smoker nodded. "Help yourself." He passed him a book of paper matches.

"Thanks," said the collarless one. "That's the place, there," he nodded down the block imperceptibly, with a backward flick of his thumb. "The saloon. Giovanni's."

"Keep the matches," said the pipe smoker. "Is he there now? No, that's all right, I have others for myself, chum."

"Might be," said the fellow without a hat. "Thanks." He put the matches in his pocket and started to move off. "Watch your step, wise guy. You might end up in a barrel of cement."

The other moved off, waving his hand pleasantly. "Oh, that's all right. Don't give it another thought." Barney Turner went into the saloon.

Except for the bartender, a young fellow, the place seemed to be deserted. Barney was tired. A hard day's work with the politicians—and there is no harder work than trying to make a politician say he does not believe in the Golden Rule, Barney reflected. Unless it's trying to make him act as though he does.

"One light," he said.

The bartender scraped the collar off with the ivory-plastic ruler, put the glass down on the bar and gave it a push so that it stopped directly in front of Barney.

"Screeno!" said Barney.

He felt a presence next to him and turned his gaze from the window. A little figure sat beside him on the bar, a figure dressed in a coat of bright red, with neat breeches of a brilliant blue. On his head was a little peaked cap. His eyes were morose and deep.

"Ah, the little people," said Barney. "A leprechaun!"

"No," said the bartender. "His name's Mimi. From an opera."

"Mimi was a girl," said Barney.

The bartender shrugged his shoulders. "His name's still Mimi."

Mimi stood on the bar and bowed stiffly from the waist. Then he held out his hat. The bartender laughed. "That monk's a real moron," he said.

"A moron?"

"Sure. I mean, he's got as much sense as a human being."

Barney considered that he was never likely to hear a better definition of the word. He took out a nickel.

"Nixo," said the bartender. "You can't do business in here, Mimi," he said severely to the monkey. Mimi bowed again, put on his hat, descended from the bar by way of Barney's right leg, and shuffled with dignity to the rear of the room. Barney followed him with his eyes and saw that the room was not empty, as he had supposed. An aged Italian sat in one of the booths, his one-legged hand organ leaning against the table.

Before him was a glass of red wine. He dipped a tiny piece of pretzel in it and handed it to Mimi, who thanked him pleasantly with a bow that was right out of the top drawer. The aged Italian handed him a penny.

"He does that to keep him in practice," said the bartender.

"Does what to keep whom in practice?" asked Barney.

"That Salvatore. He owns him, see? And since that new ordnance—"

"Ordinance," said Barney. "Ordnance is a—"

"Sure, I know. A cannon. Since that new ordnance came out about no more organ-grinders, Salvatore's scared that Mimi'll forget his act, so he gives him pennies himself."

"Another light," said Barney.

The bartender took his glass. "Going to cost the mayor plenty of votes," he said. "There's a lot of Italians in this city related to an organ-grinder and a monkey . . . I mean, to an organ-grinder."

Barney took a long drink from the overflowing glass. "It isn't the mayor's fault. Park commissioner got it through."

"Pretty live guy," said the bartender. "Get down off that bar, Mimi. Him and the mayor's always fighting, ain't they? How's it the mayor don't fire him, if they can't get on? The commissioner must know where the body's buried, eh?"

Barney shook his head. "He just happens to be too good a man to fire, I guess. You related to this organ-grinder and monk—I mean, to—"

"That's all right," said the bartender. "Mimi ain't proud. Fact is," he leaned forward, bar cloth in his hand, "fact is, if it wasn't for the mayor we'd be sort of in-laws one of these days. Me and Angelina—that's her name, pretty, isn't it? Means little angel—we was kinda separated by the mayor."

Barney considered this for awhile. A customer came in, downed a quick one, and walked out. The bartender swabbed the bar. There was a burst of music. The saloon's quiet air was filled with the Miserere, which owes its popularity to the organ-grinders of the world. As the aged Italian ground the crank, Mimi did a stately dance on top of the organ, winding up with a neat pirouette and a request for funds.

Barney smiled at the old man. "Pretty nice," he applauded.

The ancient one beamed. "Good-by," he said happily.

"Don't pay no attention to the words he says," counseled the man behind the bar. "He only knows words like yes and no, hello, good-by, and please. Uses them regardless. Been here thirty years."

"Thirty years?"

"Yeah. It's a democracy," said the bartender.

"So what?" asked Barney.

"Thing about a democracy, mister, is you don't have to learn the language. How's the beer?"

Barney shrugged his shoulders. "It isn't poisonous. Fill it up, Tony."

"Coming up. The name's Giovanni."

"O. K., Joe. Did you say the monkey had a daughter?"

The bartender put the drink down in front of him. "That ain't funny. The old man, Salvatore, he's the father of Angelina." He leaned on his elbows morosely. "We're engaged to be married, sort of. The old man don't make no fortunes with the monk and the

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box but he gets along. Angie's got a job—she's a secretary. Educated. Went through high school. Now the mayor says no more organ-grinders, and Salvatore and Mimi have to be supported, don't they? So Angie's going to support pop and Mimi."

"She broke the engagement on that account?" asked Barney.

The barkeep nodded. "Well, of course, we had a kind of a quarrel. I was always telling him to get out of the organ business. I told him there wasn't no future in it. Then, when the city puts them all out of business, I naturally says I told you so, and Angie gets mad, and one word leads to a lot of pretty bad Italian words, and . . . you know . . ." His voice stopped.

"Tough," commiserated Barney.

"You said it," said Joe. His eyes were somber, and during that moment of revealment there was eternal death and dissolution in him.

A red-faced man without a collar came in and stood at the bar some distance from Barney. No sign passed between them, and neither one seemed to have the slightest recollection that they had exchanged words a few minutes before. The red-faced one ordered a beer and the bartender handed it to him without a word.

The door of the back room opened and two men who had apparently been sitting there were framed in the opening for a moment as they surveyed the room. Their quick, hard eyes noted everything there was to be seen, and at length they came to rest on Barney, who sipped calmly at his beer and watched Mimi trying to catch a fly on the table top where Salvatore sat. Giovanni busied himself among the bottles and glasses back of the bar. When one of the two men spoke, his voice was brittle and merciless.

"Did you say anything?" he asked the other, whose eyes were still fastened on Barney. The other shook his head slowly. "O. K.," said the first one.

They walked slowly to the door in a deep silence. In a moment they were in the street.

☆ BARNEY threw a coin on the bar and started to go. The red-faced man strolled aimlessly in front of him. "Got the time?" he asked.

Barney looked at his wrist watch and showed it to his interrogator.

"Thanks," said the collarless man. A glance passed between them and there was an imperceptible shake of the head. Barney turned back to the bar and relaxed. The other continued through the door with no other word.

The old man nodded over his wine. Three flies held a figure-flying competition over his glass. Mimi shuffled over, balanced himself on the table top, feinted at the flies with his right paw and caught one in his left without seeming to move. It was masterly. Salvatore slapped the monkey's clenched fist and the fly escaped. The one-legged organ slipped and would have fallen had not Barney made a swift grab at it.

Salvatore smiled at him. "Yes, please," he said with gratitude.

"Think nothing of it," said Barney, examining the organ. "Mind if I look it over?" Salvatore smiled his assent. It was somber in the rear of the tavern, and Barney walked with the music box to the door.

The monkey accompanied him. You turn this indicator, considered Barney, and it plays whatever song it stops at. Science is wonderful, and what won't they think of next? He tried a bar or two of Strawberry Blonde. When the music sounded, it gave him a thrill. Why spend years learning?

"Going into the business, mister?" asked the bartender. "Didn't I tell you there wasn't no future in it?"

The door of the back room opened and a good-looking girl stood there, taking in the scene rapidly. "That's what you say, wise guy."

☆ "HELLO, Angie," said Giovanni brightly.

She regarded him with flashing anger. "Didn't I tell you not to let my father drink too much?" Her darkly shining eyes saw the group at the door. "And what right have you got to let strangers use Mimi?"

"Aw, listen, Angie!" began Giovanni. "I didn't have nothin' to do—"

"Go climb a tree!" she suggested with heat. "If I ever have to tell you again to—" Her eyes widened with apprehension as Mimi dashed through the door, out into the street.

"Mimi!" she shouted. "Mimi!"

A large truck speeded by. Mimi speeded after it at an incredibly rapid flat-footed shuffle.

"Heaven help us! It's bananas!" screeched the Little Angel. "Quick!" she shouted to Barney as Mimi swarmed up the back of the banana-laden truck and disappeared in the dark interior. "Catch him!" She grabbed Barney by the arm. "Get a taxicab!"

There was none in sight, but an empty car stood at the curb. Barney made a dive for it, threw the organ into the back, turned on the ignition with the key that was conveniently in the lock, and stepped on the gas hard.

"Ride 'im, cowboy!" said the Little Angel, who appeared in the seat to the right. The car turned the corner dangerously. "Don't lose him," she said.

"Don't worry," said Barney, shaving a pushcart closely and stepping harder on the accelerator.

"Close," said Angie. "That's all we needed. Lose Mimi. Then steal a car. Now, if you'd only run down a pushcart or two, or maybe a baby . . ."

"You're making a big mistake," said Barney. "Giving a nice boy like Joe the air."

She looked at him coldly. "Mind your own business and keep your eye on Mimi," she advised. "Anyway, what's it to you?

"Nothing," said Barney, gaining on the truck. "Only I hate to see the course of true love run so cockeyed. My interest is purely an academic one. But Joe's a good boy."

They turned the corner after the

truck into East End Avenue, a street of beautiful towering apartments and small brownstone residences.

"There he goes!" shouted Angie.

Mimi's small gaily-clad figure slipped off the rear of the truck. He walked up the outside of a small house by way of the ornamental stonework. They could see him pause for a moment on the window ledge. He went inside.

Barney brought the car to a halt.

"The organ!" said Angie. "Play it, stupid! He'll come out."

He reached into the back of the car, got the organ, fixed the strap around his shoulder, and began to turn the crank. A crowd began to gather.

The Bowery, the Bowery!
I'll never go there any more. . . .

That is the honest and undoctored truth about how Bernard Turner, executive secretary to the mayor, happened to play an organ on the streets of New York, in violation of the law he was sworn to uphold.

☆ MRS. MARVIN PATTERSON, filled full of aspirin, lay on the bed. The wife of the Commissioner of Parks had a headache. The house was quiet, the help was in the kitchen, the commissioner was in his study trying to figure out how he could do away with another landmark without alienating too many Democrats. A hush hung in the atmosphere of the peaceful bedroom.

Thyrza Patterson was a pleasantly nervous little woman, as imaginative as her energetic husband was realistic. The headache was beginning to leave her, and she lay in the half-light in an amiable daze.

She opened her eyes languidly. A brightly dressed little figure sat on the edge of her dresser eating a green banana and observing her with something less than abstraction. For a moment she lay quietly, waiting for the figure to disappear, which it did not do.

Suddenly she was wide awake. The figure started in her direction, offering her the banana peel with a distinct graciousness. She leaped from the bed, but the apparition was between her and the door. She opened her mouth to scream and achieved a terrifying silence. From the street rose the strains of organ music:

The Bowery, the Bowery!
I'll never go there any more. . . .

Thyrza Patterson slipped gently and quietly to the floor.

☆ BARNEY turned the crank and, magically, little children appeared from the neighboring streets. Two little girls danced gravely in front of the organ and the surrounding crowd shouted encouragement to them. Barney, with a poignant delight in his soul, watched them dance. The crowd clapped its hands in rhythm, and the little girls, skirts whirling, wheeled in ecstasy.

At the second-story window Mimi

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Berger

Bud: C'mon, now! A big locomotive for the team!

Sis: Well! Well! I never knew cheerleaders did homework. But why don't you open up and *give?* That yelp would make any team run the wrong way!

Bud: Who asked *you* in here? Cheerleading has to be practiced, like anything else. You have to develop timing—and rhythm—and pep.

Sis: Pep, is it? Well, you don't get *that* in front of a mirror! You can't have it unless you *eat* right, and a few more *vitamins* might do wonders for your *oomph*, my lad. Scram down to the kitchen. Here's where we do a favor to dear old Alma Mater.

Sis: And right here is where we make a start toward getting more vitamins. You've got to have 'em all, and in this delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, is an extra-good supply of two of the most important ones—vitamins B_1 and D.

Bud: Holy cats! Why didn't you tell me it *tastes* so good? If getting the other vitamins can be this much fun, I'm going to be the most vitaminized cheerleader you ever saw.

Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's Pep* for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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stood on the ledge for an instant. He began to climb down rapidly to the street. A sigh of relief came from Angie, swallowed up in the excited shout that arose from the children at the sight of the monkey, who swung from ornament to ornament with the greatest of ease.

"Mimi, you bad boy, come here," commanded Angelina. But Mimi was engaged in his profession. He ranged among the spectators, hand outstretched.

I had a girl in Baltimore,
She had fellers by the score. . . .

Pennies appeared in the hands of Mimi. The little girls curtsied to each other, retreated three steps, advanced two, curtsied again, and did a wholly delightful *pas à deux* with fingertips touching.

Barney was pleased. He ground out the music with contentment in his soul.

Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay . . .

"Mimi!" called Angelina, and there was that in her voice that made the monk come to her.

Barney looked up at the second-floor window. The eyes of Marvin Patterson, Commissioner of Parks, looked straight down into his.

"By the beard of Christy O'Sullivan!" said Barney, surprised. The music died in the pipes of the organ. Barney looked at the Little Angel.

"Let's get out of here," he said. "But quick."

☆ PLEASANTLY full of spaghetti and red wine, Barney Turner pushed his chair back from the kitchen table and filled his pipe. Mimi slept soundly in his little crib in a corner of the large neat kitchen, and Salvatore dozed in his chair by the window overlooking the back yard and the neighborhood wash.

"Good spaghetti," said Barney, "and lots of it. Thanks."

"You're welcome," said Angie. "You earned it, getting Mimi back."

Barney waved this aside with a languorous hand. "Think nothing of it. The car's mine, by the way. I mean, I didn't steal it. This bartender—"

"He isn't a bartender," said Angelina. "The place is his."

"Nice place," said Barney. "Ought to be able to support a wife."

"Sure," agreed Angie broadly. "And a father-in-law, and a monkey, too."

"What's wrong with that?" Barney wished to know.

"Nothing," said Angelina. "Nothing. A man's liable to get tired of supporting a monkey. That causes dissension in a family. He's too smart-alecky, anyway, about the organ-grinding business. We had a quarrel. I mean, words passed."

Barney took a long drink of red wine. "Is that all?" he asked.

Angelina began to wipe the oilcloth with a damp dishcloth. "I'm not so crazy about hooking up with a saloonkeeper, anyway," she said.

"You're a stenographer, aren't you?"

"Secretary," she corrected coldly.

"Secretary," said Barney. "So am I. Saloonkeepers, if they're smart, aren't so bad. Meet lots of people. They have influence, saloonkeepers."

"Not Joe," said Angie. "He's too honest and nice."

"Oh, he's nice, is he?" inquired Barney with blandness.

"I mean—well, you could call him nice, I guess," she admitted grudgingly. "If he had more push to him he could get a lot further. Some of them really have lots of influence. They wouldn't let their friend's father get put out of business. But not Joe! Who'd listen to him?"

Barney was silent for a while. "You never know," he said. "He probably has more influence than you think."

☆ THE mayor, Phineas Q.(uincy) Abbott, was a large man, given to apoplectic seizures followed by cold anger. When he worked, together with Barney Turner, on the copy desk of an evening paper, there had been relatively little scope for his anger. The City Hall provided the great canvas an Olympian rage called for.

His face was a dangerous red. "Ask Mr. Turner to come in," he said.

When Barney walked in, quite friendly, he noted the red face of his master. He noted the cold, unfriendly gaze in his eyes. "Now, now," soothed Barney. "Remember your blood pressure."

"The hell with my blood pressure!" shouted the mayor, his eyes regarding Barney poisonously. "I want to know what in the name of the Thirteenth Ward you mean by threatening Thyrza Patterson with a gorilla."

Barney felt this was something less than justice.

"It wasn't a gorilla. It was a cute little monkey named Mimi. Bet you've been talking to Mr. Peaches Patterson, the delight of the silk-stocking vote. True or false?"

The mayor controlled himself. "Commissioner Patterson just called me. His wife says it was a gorilla. He says you were playing a hand organ in violation of Section 3, Paragraph 8, Regulation 946, Laws of 194—"

"A silly law," said Barney. "I told you it would get you into trouble one of these days. You can't go around trampling on the traditional rights of the common people—"

"You and your common people." The mayor sighed. "I wish to heaven you'd lay off walking around at night and getting into these messes."

"It wasn't night. It was still daylight," said Barney. "Dusk."

"Don't I know it was a silly law to put through?" demanded the mayor. "Don't I have enough trouble with Patterson without you making it worse? And just now, too, with the grand jury investigation about the crookedness of the voting machinery and an election coming on! If we could only get our hands on Lucky Higgins. One witness like Higgins tes-

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tifying to the dirt, and we're in. I thought you said you had a line on where to get him?"

Barney nodded. "He's in the bag, Phinny. Don't worry. You're going to have trouble making him talk, though."

"We'll attend to that all right. I've got enough dirt on him to bury him. But we've got to get him." His voice softened. "Were you really grinding an organ?"

"Sure was," admitted Barney. "In violation of Section 3, Par—"

"And is there a monkey somewhere in this?"

"Mimi," said Barney. "Taken from an opera—La Bohème. Nice monkey. Nicer than the pusses of some of the babies you have to kiss."

The mayor regarded him with disfavor. "Don't joke about politically sacred things. How would you like to have to go around kissing babies?"

"Not for all the votes in Hell's Kitchen," said Barney.

The mayor lighted a cigar. "Why did it have to be Patterson?"

"Just hard luck," said Barney, "to get Patterson instead of John Doe."

"And Jane Doe," added the mayor. "Scared the life out of her."

"Sorry," said Barney. "That was just a bad break too. Mimi's the sweetest monkey that ever frightened a woman out of a year's growth. Only, when a banana truck rolls by, you've got to watch him. He's got banana-lust. Like some people got wander-lust."

The mayor shook his head. "I want to know how in the name of—"

"I'm just coming to that," said Barney. "I'm glad you asked. There's a bartender named Giovanni, a monkey named Mimi, his owner named Salvatore, and a pretty daughter named Angelina but known to one and all as the Little Angel. Makes marvelous spaghetti. Giovanni and the Little Angel were going to be married. You separated them."

The mayor listened to the narrative in silence. At its conclusion he pressed a button on his desk. "There's nothing I can do about the license. It happens to be the law."

A secretary came in with a notebook. "Dear Commissioner Patterson: In re the unfortunate occurrence of last night—"

"Tell him Mimi sends his regrets, too," said Barney, at the door.

☆ THE face of Giovanni the bartender lighted up as Barney came through his door in the cool of the evening.

"Hello," he said, swabbing the bar in front of Barney. "What'll you have? Make it good—it's on the house."

Barney placed his foot on the rail and his left elbow on the bar in the stance approved by tradition. "To what am I indebted for this unexampled generosity, Joe?"

Joe grinned. "Oh, I'm feeling good is all. You brang me luck." His eye sparkled. He shed the glow of a happy and contented man.

"Make it a beer," said Barney. "It's

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a curse, to be a slave to such low tastes even when some one else is paying the bill."

The beer, a tall one, materialized before his eyes. "Yep, Lady Luck sure kissed me on the snoot when you come walking in. Lissen to this one. You was here day before yestiddy, wasn't you? Well, yestiddy my phone rings. A girl says,-'Mr. Respighi?' I tells her yes. She says to hold the wire, the Commissioner o' Licenses wants to speak to me. A moment later he gets on. 'Commissioner of Licenses O'Reilly speaking,' he says. 'I unnerstand you're interested in getting a license for an organ-grinder in your district.' When I picks myself up off the floor I says, 'Yes. But they ain't issuing licenses for organ-grinders any more.' He laughs. 'Don't let that worry you, Mr. Respighi,' he says. 'Any time you want a favor from the administration, I think it can be arranged. Can you come to my office with the party this afternoon? Ask for me personally.' Can you tie that?" inquired Giovanni Respighi the bartender.

Barney admitted that he could not tie it. "Did you get it?"

Three men came into the saloon in single file, passed Barney, and walked to the far end of the bar. "Three beers," said one of them.

As Joe took three mugs in one hand and bent with them over the taps, all three men glanced for a single instant at Barney. Their eyes met his. Then he looked over their heads, past them, at the door leading to the back room. He turned away from them and took a long drink from his glass.

The bartender placed the drinks before the men, took their money, and then went back to where Barney stood and leaned toward him.

"Did I get it! I went down with Salvatore, Mimi, and Angelina. Never was treated so nice in my life. He took us right into his office, and it was Mr. Respighi this and Mr. Respighi that, and alla time Angie's eyes bugging outa her head."

Barney wiped his mouth and stared at the three men. "Everything all fixed up with Angelina?"

"Eatin' outa my hand. She never knew I was so important in this town." He leaned forward confidentially. "Neither did I, to tell you the honest truth." He took away the empty glass and set a full one in its place.

"This is on me, too," he said.

A buzzer sounded behind the bar. For a moment there was a silence, and then Barney spoke:

"What's that? The back room?"

Joe nodded. "Yeah." He started in the direction of the rear of the saloon. The smallest one of the three men held up his hand.

"I'll answer it," he announced. "I always wanted to see what the boys in the back room would have."

"I do all the answering around here, see?" Joe said acidly.

The tallest one of the three spoke to him pleasantly, at the same time flipping back a lapel under which a badge gleamed. "We'll save you the trouble this time."

Two men came through the door of the back room and looked in swiftly. Barney recognized them as the same ones he had seen the last time he was in Giovanni's. "Everybody stand still," said the smaller one, and fear and desperation were in his pale face and small eyes.

There was a gun in his hand, a large blue automatic.

Nobody moved a muscle as the two men walked past the three clustered at the end of the bar. They moved backward, and as they came abreast of Barney, still menacing the three detectives, there was a sudden quick movement and the one with the gun did almost a complete somersault, coming down on the floor with a crash, his gun clattering on the tile.

☆ THERE was an oath, and the three detectives were on him like football tacklers. Barney stood off from the scuffle, holding his foot.

"Stupid of me," he said to no one in particular. "I thought I had put that foot away somewhere else." He straightened out and picked up the gun. "This belong to anybody here?" he asked, waving it in rather threatening fashion at the two men who had come from the back room. The large detective took it from him.

"Thanks, chum," he said. "Big feet have their uses, at that."

The small one turned to the man who had wielded the automatic. "Fancy meeting you here! There's a few people would like to have a conference with you. Do you mind?" He bowed with exaggerated courtesy.

The man addressed spat into the spittoon with disgust. "O. K. Cut the comedy and come on." They all went out and got into a large car that happened to be standing outside.

Barney looked at Giovanni. "One beer, light," he said.

"You know who that was?" asked Giovanni. "That was Lucky Higgins—the whole city's looking fer him."

Barney took a long deep drink and wiped his mouth. "Why didn't you turn him in, then?"

Giovanni poured a good drink of rye into a bartender's glass and downed it at a gulp. "I'm a saloonkeeper, not 'a policeman. I'd like to keep healthy, is all. They been comin' here and sittin' in the back room for two weeks. Glad that's over. That's a tricky left foot you got, ain't it?"

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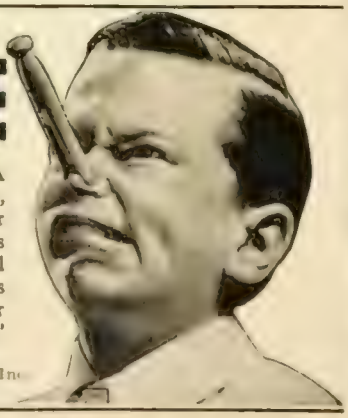

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Barney nodded. "Never been able to control it."

The mayor's face was an interesting purple as he put down the phone and stared fixedly at the door. The closed door opened quietly and Barney Turner, beaming good-humoredly, came in.

"Well, if it isn't the old baby kisser!" he greeted the mayor.

His Honor struggled with his temper, a losing battle from the first. "If you don't stop your nonsense," he bellowed, "I'll send you back to the copy desk, where you belong!"

Barney stared at him in bland astonishment. "Now, now, remember—"

"To hell with my blood pressure!" screamed the mayor. "I just had Patterson on the phone."

The mayor recovered his calm. "Now, look, Barney," he said quietly. "There's something going on here. This morning Thyrza Patterson saw the same gorilla—"

"Monkey," corrected Barney.

"—and an old man playing an organ in front of the house."

Barney clucked his tongue. "Too bad. What else would you expect a man to do with a hand organ?"

"Listen, Barney," the mayor pleaded. "Don't I have trouble enough without you making things harder for me with the departments? And just when I smooth things out with the investigating committee by getting hold of Lucky Higgins!"

"*You* got hold of Lucky Higgins?" inquired Barney cuttingly.

"Well, you did, then," admitted the mayor. "We'd 'a' been in trouble without him. What I don't understand is how, with every detective in the city looking for him—"

"Well," said Barney, "bumming around the corners of the city the way I do, you make friends who give you an occasional tip. Nice people, some of them. Quite a relief from politicians." He stared at the mayor.

The mayor sighed. "About this monkey, now. It seems to me I smell your meddling hand in it somewhere."

"Who, me?" asked Barney.

The mayor nodded. "It's funny. Thyrza Patterson says she called a policeman, and the organ-grinder had a license. What I want to know is this: How can a man get a license as an organ-grinder if it's against the law?"

"This one ought to get me twenty-five dollars and a set of the encyclopedia," said Barney. "He doesn't have a license as an organ-grinder. We have other laws in this city that even the mayor doesn't seem to wot anything of. He has a license as a public entertainer."

The mayor was silent for a moment and then began to laugh. "I can hardly wait to see Patterson's face when I tell him about this!" he spluttered. "Oh! Wait'll I tell my wife this one!"

Barney got up to go.

"By the way, she wants to know if you won't come to dinner Sunday night. We're entertaining six mayors from the convention."

"Sorry," said Barney, "but I've got an important engagement. I'm going to a wedding."

"A wedding?"

"An Italian wedding. A bartender is marrying a small angel. Music by Salvatore and dancing by Mimi. Spaghetti and scarlet wine."

The mayor looked interested. "Can't you sneak me in?"

Barney shook his head. "No; they'd know you. You see, they just think I'm a secretary. They don't even know I had anything to do with locating Lucky Higgins in Joe's place. It would tighten them all up." He shook his head again regretfully. "No, you go and entertain your mayors. It's your civic duty."

He paused at the door.

"Well, so long," he said. "Don't kiss any wooden babies."

THE END

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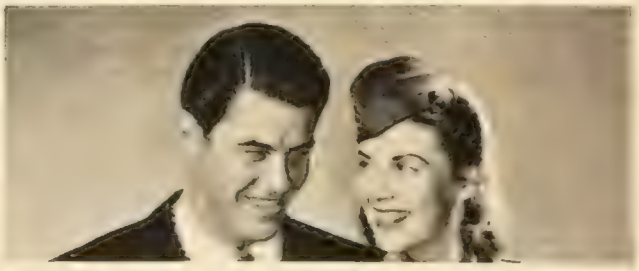

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Blake said, "Gentlemen, Mr. Preswald and I are cutting for high stakes—or, rather, we won't start cutting for high stakes until the third time. Break the seal, shuffle, and let me cut, and then reshuffle and cut for yourself, Mr. Preswald. You will cut a high spade. I will cut a higher one. It doesn't count."

Buck, intent, followed directions. He was still staring at the jack of spades when Blake cut the ace. "And that," said Blake, "is simply cutting into a crimp. Anybody can do it—I could even teach Mr. Preswald to do it, although there are a hundred men along the River who can do it better than I can."

☆ "Y' CHEATED!" Buck was halfway on his feet.

"Certainly. Sit down, Mr. Preswald. I make my living on the River. I play cards with better players than you. There are very few tricks I can't use—most people I play with understand that I don't use them. I told you earlier—this doesn't count. You asked for this—I don't count it. What next?"

And—"Mr. Preswald, if you still want this—if you want pure luck—it must be luck nobody can complain about. A gambler's reputation is a mighty delicate thing."

"Dice?"

"No—you wouldn't trust mine. And you haven't any."

Somebody in the crowd said, "How's if we turn right or left in the channel? In five minutes?"

Blake said, "I know the channel. We'll turn right."

Buck Preswald said, "You know everything, don't you!"

"Why—I didn't ask for this, Mr. Preswald. Let's see—I don't know how a half dollar will come up."

"Your half dollar?"

There was a murmur in the crowd—they knew Blake and liked him, although they would not have asked him to have dinner in their houses.

Blake took it easily. "As you like. Look, there's Mr. Bedford over there. Maybe he'll toss a half dollar for us. Your labor contracts and land contracts against twelve thousand. I ask all you gentlemen to witness that Mr. Preswald has asked for this. Am I correct, Mr. Preswald? Or do you withdraw?"

"Think I'm scared?"

"If you're not, Harvard produces worse fools than when I was teaching there. That much money scares me. Let it go, Mr. Bedford. Call it, Mr. Preswald!"

"Eagle!" Buck had waited until it almost hit the floor.

It ran and ran. Then it spun. The crowd knotted, watching.

"Woman-head!"

Buck had been outside the circle—he couldn't stand being in there. He heard the yell, and started for the door.

Dan Bedford started after him. He hadn't wanted to throw the coin—he just kind of got into it.

He just wasn't quite quick enough. Buck Preswald climbed onto the rail, hung onto a stanchion, put a derringer to his head, shot himself, and went under the paddle wheel.

Years after, young Dan Bedford was to wake up, dreaming of that. Not Preswald—Mrs. Preswald. He had to go down to the lower deck and tell her. He had to do it because he had thrown the half dollar—he had been the one who was not quite quick enough to stop Mr. Preswald.

He blurted it out very badly. She didn't faint, as he had supposed she would. She simply looked at him and didn't believe it. Then he told her again. The Micks heard it, and set up a great wailing dirge. She said, "Thank you very much, sir. Would you—would you let me be—with my own people now—till we get a hold on this thing?"

Later he saw the big boss Paddy escort her up the ladder and to her stateroom.

☆ CAITLIN lay flat on her berth. A small handkerchief was clenched in her hand, but she wasn't weeping. Her eyes were hot and dry and her hands and feet felt like the time she had the bad fever; they didn't belong to her at all. But then there had been Sister Serena to sponge her and make her take her medicine. There had been Sister Serena's love and strength to enfold and comfort her. Now there was nothing—nobody. And she was going to have Buck's baby.

☆ DAN BEDFORD sat on his berth and stared, unseeing, at his portmanteau and his carpetbag, packed and ready to leave the boat at Memphis in an hour. He knew now what he was going to do. He was going to take Mrs. Preswald to his mother. His mother would help her and comfort her. She could stay as long at the Bedford Plantation as she pleased. And his mother would love her—first because she was in trouble, and after because she was so lovely to look at.

Maybe he wouldn't go back to Yale any more. After all, at eighteen he ought to be thinking of his future—helping his mother manage the plantation—thinking of settling down with a wife and children. (He saw these children all at the age of five, all with dark hair and tiptilted noses, clustered about their mother in the candlelight while she sang the old songs in her warm voice.)

Dan Bedford was a big, simple soul. He knew his mother would love Mrs. Preswald.

☆ OUTSIDE Mrs. Preswald's cabin he met the boss Paddy. He nodded and tried to pass. He was stopped, gently enough, but with a hand like a scarred granite rock.

"Now, your honor knows that her ladyship has a great distressful grief on her. And, savin' your presence, your honor, it is no time for the young gentlemen to be comin' round."

"I just want to speak to her—" He tried to push past.

Coolin put a hand against his shoulder. It was practically a friendly gesture, but it was a practiced one. It spun Dan Bedford and, for all his weight and height, it held him helpless. "Now, please, your honor," Coolin was begging, "I've the greatest respect for your honor, sir. But this is a very wild, savage country. And there'll be no young gentleman come courtin' her ladyship today. Now, your honor, please! Lay quiet against the wall. I can break your legs and your arms and your neck. I'm a very strong man, your honor—and very savage."

And so Coolin, with the devotion of a great Irish wolfhound, protected his mistress against the one chance she had of shelter and respectability.

☆ DAN BEDFORD went ashore at Memphis. He told his mother, later, about the whole thing. She said, "Dan, you should have brought that poor child home to me," and thanked God that night on her knees that he hadn't! So, in due time, Dan went back to Yale, studied as much as he had to, put on twenty pounds, learned to spar, got drunk when etiquette demanded, had a grand time.

☆ IN more ways than one, Jim Blake didn't like what had happened. There was feeling against the River gamblers, and law was beginning to come to the western states. A man who walked out of a poker game and shot himself did the business no good.

What was more, the situation left Blake with an even more delicate problem on his hands. He held the land contracts and the labor contracts—that was true. But there had been no assignment to him. If Preswald had lived, he would have assigned them, naturally. He might have been a show-off and a weak sister, but he lived under a code that didn't admit of welshing.

But Preswald's widow might not take the same view.

Blake didn't know much about laws of estate and dower rights, but he had a pretty firm impression that without Mrs. Preswald's signature those contracts were so much paper. And he had to have the extra twelve thousand-odd they would bring. Jim Blake was a man who had been many times up and many times down. Latterly he had been down. At the start of this trip he had had two good suits, a supply of clean linen, seven English razors, one for every day in the week, five hundred dollars cash, and his man Erasmus.

Erasmus would have sold in the worst market for fifteen hundred dollars. In New Orleans, where fine service meant something, he would have brought double that. But Jim Blake did not look on Erasmus as a

cash asset. Erasmus was a part of the art of living—possibly a major part—and Jim Blake was a life artist.

Blake spent a day planning his campaign. He would have to work fast, he knew. A man was dead, and the law would presently step in, in the matter of his estate. If he didn't get those contracts assigned before some lawyer stepped in—well, he couldn't afford that. He knew, in a general way, what Dan Bedford's experience had been in trying to see Mrs. Preswald. Coolin still stood watchdog.

He didn't make Dan Bedford's youthful mistake. He sent Erasmus. "Ask her if she'll give me ten minutes—my respects—you know what to say. If you can't get past that big ape at the door, make him give her this note."

The looks of the black man threw Coolin off his guard. Anyhow, he wouldn't likely be trying to court her ladyship, or carry her away to some foreign city like this Memphis. He let the black man knock at the door.

Erasmus had intended to scrape his foot and pull wool and talk funny black talk. Northern people liked that. But when Caitlin stood there—straight, white, gallant through her misery—he knew that would be wrong. He said, "Mrs. Preswald, Mr. James Blake sends you his respects and his apologies for disturbing you at a time like this. He asks you to give him ten minutes' time."

Caitlin asked, "What for?"

"He hasn't said, Ma'am Preswald. He said it was mighty important business."

Numb as she was, Caitlin had to know. "Thank Mr. Blake. I'll see him."

Years afterward, Caitlin was to wonder just what it was that got into her that day. Buck not two days dead, and his baby inside of her, and this white-talking black man, and this Blake, no better than a murderer—

She washed her face. She brushed her black hair. She made herself neat. No, she wouldn't cry, now when she suddenly could. And she wouldn't blaze out at this Blake, either. Oh, it would do her good—her hands were hot and dry, she wanted to get them on the neck of him! But she had to think of her baby. She knelt and prayed, "Hail Mary, full of grace—" The Mother of God would help her to know what to say.

☆ "YES, Mr. Blake! You said it was important."

Blake saw a white, big-eyed girl. Eyes big with pain, bewilderment—fear. He had never been so sorry for anybody in his life.

He shifted his hat from one hand to the other. This thing was loaded with gunpowder. Well, when in doubt, play it straight.

He said, "Mrs. Preswald, I don't know how this leaves you fixed—"

"You should know very well that a man like my husband wouldn't—do what he did if there was anything left. I've my fare paid to New Orleans and about fifty dollars in my

"I'm the skeleton in the Greene family closet"

"Uh! Huh! That's what Dad called me, up until a few months ago."
"Hm! Pretty good-looking skeleton, Anne. But what's the horror story?"
"Ah! You should have known me, Bobby. I was scrawny and bony, and my nerves were . . . Ugh!"

"Were *what*, for goodness sake?"
"*Bristly as thorns* — like this! And then I was told I had a Vitamin B Complex deficiency."
"Jiminy crickets, what's that?"
"A shortage of those amazing vitamins you find in their natural form in fresh yeast. So I took two cakes of FLEISCHMANN'S a day in nice cool tomato juice, and before very long . . . "

"Before very long—the girl I see before me now! But what's this about tomato juice?"
"That's the new way to take yeast. Look! Mash a cake of FLEISCHMANN'S in a dry glass with a fork, add a little tomato juice, stir till blended, fill up the glass, and drink. Delicious!"

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PERSONALITIES MAKE NEWS:
People are behind the headlines of events. Read articles *about* them and *by* them in Liberty.

reticule. Is it that you came for, Mr. Blake?"

"Please! I know you feel I'm responsible for your trouble—"

"I do. Now, you said you had something important?"

"Well, yes; that is—" He shifted his hat again. Oh, here was a woman in a million! One who could downface him and hang onto herself—a slim, white-faced girl—

"Yes, Mr. Blake?" . . . *With my two hands I could smash the water bottle over his head—grind the bits into his eyes. I could dance on what was left of him! . . . Mother of God, forgive me! No, Sister Serena, I won't do it at all! For the sake of the baby, I won't.* . . . "Mr. Blake, I've had a hard time and I'm very tired. Would you just say what you came to say and let me just say 'Yes' or 'No'?"

☆ BLAKE had prepared himself for hysteria—almost anything. He had not prepared himself for this quiet directness. He fumbled with words—anything might happen.

He found himself placing the matter of the land contracts and the labor contracts on the table. He held the contracts, he explained. They were probably worthless without her signature. He showed her an I O U from Buck scrawled on the back of a bill of fare. "Now, Mrs. Preswald, I don't think this would stand in court. But I could take it into court. And I have possession of the contracts. I can carry it on for years—

An anger blew through Caitlin, but she wouldn't let it show.

"Mr. Blake, I will be glad to carry any case you maybe think you have to any court anywhere any time. I do not know the law. But I will win and you will lose. Because I am right and you are wrong—no court can go against that. And now, good day, sir. Your hat is by your foot."

Blake half picked it up, put it down again. "Mrs Preswald, I want to make you an offer—I don't know how—"

Caitlin said, "If it is to sign papers on your say-so, I will not. If it was to give me back the money my husband lost to you, I'd be very glad to get it—but nobody beats about the bush so much to give back money."

"It isn't to give back money, exactly—"

"Mr. Blake, you have come to me—I didn't come to you. I think you want something from me. If it is myself, Mr. Blake, why, your hat is by your foot and I'm good enough to throw it out after you. But I don't think it is myself. Will you kindly, sir, say what you want, then?"

"All right!" Blake was startled out of his smoothness. "I want to start a gambling house in New Orleans. I need about twenty-six thousand dollars. I'll give you the same proposition I offered your husband—your contracts against a quarter interest. Mrs. Preswald, on a fourth interest—"

Jim Blake worked hard on Mrs. Preswald. He never knew that only a promise she had made to the Mother of God and to Sister Serena—and to Buck's baby—had kept her from killing him with the water bottle.

Blake came in with the papers and wanted Caitlin to look them over. All she could think of was that she didn't see any provision for Coolin being freed from his labor contract. Blake said he didn't see any, either.

But Buck had promised, when Coolin won the fight with Dan Corm! Unfortunately, Blake had never heard of Corm, or any fight, or anything that indicated that Coolin was any different from any other Paddy.

Caitlin raged at him. It seemed to her that now she was released from her promise about keeping her temper. She said, "Let you take your damn papers anywhere at all—any court, any place! I am right and you are wrong, and any decent court will give Coolin and me justice."

Blake said, "You haven't agreed to anything yet, Mrs. Preswald. Let's say that you are willing to sing—"

"Sing? In your gambling house?"

"Mrs. Preswald, whether you know it or not, you have a voice."

"I haven't any voice at all!" But Caitlin was interested.

"Maybe you haven't any operatic voice, but you have a voice that makes a man stop and listen. We might have a place where a man could get a game—dance, if he felt like it, to good music. Two or three times a night you'd come out and sing—sing Irish songs, whatever you please. There would be girls there—they'd have to be nice-looking—decorous—"

☆ HE saw her expression. "Mrs. Preswald, I'm not suggesting that we run a brothel. I'm suggesting that I run the gambling. There will be nothing but straight play—odds against the player posted on the wall, if you like. You to handle the dancing. What the girls may do outside is none of our business. The main thing is, we work together—"

"What about Coolin, Mr. Blake?" Caitlin was still afraid. She wanted to take this up. She had fifty dollars and Buck's baby. She hated Mr. Blake, but she had to do something—and she did love to sing. But she had to pay Buck's debt to Coolin.

"Of course," this Blake said. "I'll re-draw the papers. Coolin can come with us if he wants to—he's free. You assign the contracts—I put in twelve thousand. We work together. I hold fifty-five, you hold forty-five . . . Is that your understanding?"

"Yes," said Caitlin.

"You understand, Mrs. Preswald, that, while this is no brothel, you won't be reputable in New Orleans?"

"Yes," said Caitlin.

"I guess," said Blake, "we both know what we mean. In ten years we'll be rich."

So a strange partnership begins. Hating Blake as she does, can Caitlin live the life he has planned for her in the gay exciting half-world of New Orleans? There are dramatic surprises in the next chapter of this lusty novel of a picturesque past!

Red visits the set of Tarzan's Secret Treasure, yells at Maureen O'Sullivan.

Are Comedians People?

BY RED SKELTON

A newly-risen star gives you a slice of his private life. We couldn't stop him

READING TIME ● This article can be read, torn apart, thrown into the incinerator, and burned in less than 3 minutes!

☆ ARE comedians people? Are they really wacky, or are they plain folks with enough nerve to take money for acting wacky? H'mmm. That's quite a question. Wonder how I should answer it. . . . Well, now, take me, for instance. I started out to be a comedian at the age of twelve, but I got the bird so often the Audubon Society decided to make me an honorary member. I was handicapped because I had no illustrious ancestors to brag about, as so many Hollywoodians have. My only claim to a notable family tree was the fact that some few of my forefathers were the first ones to make a round trip on the Mayflower—yes, round trip—they were turned back at Ellis Island.

Then, after a fairly hard struggle in show business, traveling in medicine and tent shows, stock, burlesque, walkathons, vaudeville, radio, and pictures, I decided, like most people, that I wanted to own a home. So I started to *swing and sway* with the FHA—and now, once a month, Red

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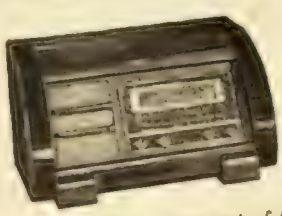

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Skelton and Morgenthau fight it out on even terms.

The visitor approaching my home will find near the entrance a beautiful mountain—a rock garden that got away from me! Leaving this optical illusion, the visitor will remove his shoes and enter the house. It's a nice new house. All I owe the fellow who sold it to me is a grudge. He insisted there was not a single termite in the wood He was right. They were all married and had large families.

Inside the home I've had many compliments on my new bird's-eye maple bed—it's so heavy that it has bags under its eyes And listen. I'm going to buy a car so long that it'll take two days to get it into the finance company's garage!

But the title of this is not Are New Homes People? but Are Comedians People? Well, the only way to find out is go inside the home and witness that "Slice of Skelton's Life."

☆ THE place: Hollywood, California. The time: six o'clock in the morning, just when sleeping is good. As the scene opens we find Edna Skelton (played by guess whom) trying to get me to wake up and go to work at M-G-M, where I'm toiling in Panama Hattie. Skelton is dead to the world. *P.S.: Those last six words were written by Mrs. Skelton!*

EDNA: Aren't you up yet? What do I have to do to get you outa here? I've given you three hotfoots already!

ME (*yawning*): Oh, so that's what happened to my toes.

EDNA: Come on, get up—it's after six. Hurry up or you'll miss your bus.

ME: I won't miss the bus. . . . Gee, I hope Dagwood saves me a seat. (*Yawning*) You know, I can't figure it out. You make me go to bed when I'm tired and you make me get up when I'm sleepy! Some day I'll make a million dollars and I'll buy a thousand beds and sleep in every one.

EDNA: Who do you think you are—George Washington? You must inherit your laziness from your *father.*

ME (*sleepily*): I don't think so—he's still got his.

EDNA (*leaving room*): Hurry now—while I finish breakfast. Come on, get a move on you!

ME: All right, all right! (*Yawning*) Ohhhhhhh! Think I'll do my setting-up exercises. . . . One, two . . . one, two . . . one, two . . . one, two. . . . (*Very vigorously*) One, two! . . . (*Deep breath*) That's that! *Now* I guess I'll get out of bed! . . . Hey, Edna, what time is it now?

EDNA: It's about six fifteen.

ME: Well, I've got plenty of time . . . What! Six fifteen! Why didn't you wake me sooner? Where's my clothes?

EDNA: Right where you left them. Open your eyes.

ME: Huh?

EDNA: Open your eyes.

ME: You mean singlehanded? (*She never answers that snappy remark.*) I'll take my shower and be right out for breakfast.

EDNA (*going toward the kitchen*): All right—but don't go back to bed!

ME: O. K. . . . Hey, where's the soap?

EDNA: We haven't any soap.

ME: Why?

EDNA: I haven't entered any contests lately!

ME: Well, now for a nice cold shower. Gee, but I love my cold shower of a morning! (*Very quick squirt of shower.*) There! Ah, I feel like a new man! . . . Hey, Edna, where's the towel?

EDNA: They didn't come back from the hotel yet. Use the bath mat.

ME: Oh, all right. Ouch! Gee, this bath mat is awful rough—and I wonder why it has "Welcome" printed on it! Oh, well. Hey, where's my razor?

EDNA: I'm using it to open a can of fruit salad.

ME: What? You wouldn't dare! Using my razor to open a can—that's a fine thing! Wouldn't *you* get sore if *I* shaved with your can opener?

EDNA: No, but you would. . . . Come on. You haven't time to shave. Your bus leaves in ten minutes.

ME: Hey, have I got any clean socks?

EDNA: Yes, they're on their way over from the laundry. Why don't you take the scissors and cut off a pair of my old stockings?

ME: Nawww . . . I'll put on the same ones I took off. I hope I can find which end to put my feet through. . . . Well, now for my shoes. Oh, nuts!

EDNA: Now what's wrong?

ME: I just broke my shoelace. I guess I'll have to wear my button shoes after all. . . . Hey, where's my blue serge suit?

EDNA: I took it back for a retread.

ME: Well, I'll wear my green one. . . . Boy, that's the fastest I've dressed since the day the man from the finance company was here!

EDNA: Come on, eat your breakfast. Do you want sugar in your coffee?

ME: No, I'll—(*Sipping coffee*) Where did you get that coffee? I like weak coffee, but this stuff's helpless!

EDNA: I can't understand it—it's *drip* coffee.

ME: Well, next time put in *two* drips instead of one.

EDNA: Don't eat so fast! Do you want to get indigestion? (*Sound of a bus horn in the distance.*) There's your bus! Hurry!

ME: O. K. . . . Good-by. . . .

(*Edna shoves me out the front door.*)

EDNA: Run! It's not stopping! Hurry!

ME: Hey, bus! Bus! Wait for me!

EDNA (*to self*): Oh, dear—he missed it again!

ME (*coming back*): Well, of all the dumb tricks! I'm going back to bed.

EDNA: What's the matter with you? You can't do a thing like that! Mr. Mayer will fire you!

ME: Oh, no, he won't! I just happened to remember! Today is Sunday! !

Anyway, does that help prove anything? I mean, are comedians people?

THE END

Pictures *you ought* to see

By Howard Barnes

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

HOWARD BARNES

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ SHADOW OF THE THIN MAN

Once again Nick and Nora move gaily through a sinister melodrama in this new chapter of a celebrated series. Since William Powell and Myrna Loy still play the leading roles, it's a first-rate blend of comedy and murder mystery. You can scarcely put it in the same league as the original Thin Man, but it turns out to be an engaging follow-up on that fine melodrama. One thing about this series is the fact that sequels are not tossed at us too often. I found it very pleasant to renew acquaintance with some favorite characters in this picture.

Like its predecessors, Shadow of the Thin Man involves the great detective and his charming, meddlesome wife in a lot of killings before they know it. Nick gets a speeding ticket, driving to the track. Trying to square it, he walks into the middle of an investigation of a jockey's death. There is a second killing in practically no time, and he is up to his neck trying to solve a succession of murders and clear his friend, who has been accused of murdering a blackmailing colleague.

That is all of the plot you will learn from me. It fits together neatly. It is certain to keep you mystified right up to the final climax, when Nora pulls a spectacular act of bravery. The point is that the melodrama is no more important than the casual comedy sequences. Nick and Nora are as happily married a couple as in the past. Their set-tos are amusing. They have fun as well as excitement out of living.

Incidentally, Nick, Jr., is on hand to give the detective some funny father scenes, and the terrier Asta helps no end in solving the murders.

Major W. S. Van Dyke II has done his usual smooth piece of direction in the picture, keeping a nice balance between the antics and the violence. It is Powell and Miss Loy, playing the delightful Dashiell Hammett figures from the original Thin Man, though, who make the show click as entertainment. Sam Levene, Alan Baxter, Henry O'Neill, and Louise Beavers are on hand to add expert character bits, but the stars are the picture in Shadow of the Thin Man.

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

★ ★ ★ BLUES IN THE NIGHT

Swing has certainly come into its own on the screen this season. First there was The Birth of the Blues. Now you can tap on or off beat while watching Blues in the Night. It is streamlined for jitterbugs, with any number of hot licks in every sequence. What is more important, it contrives a nice blend of melodrama and swing music. The rug-cutters may fancy the jive numbers, as faked by the principals and actually played by Jimmy Lunceford's band and Will Osborne's orchestra. Non-stompers are likely to fancy the film itself, as a rather absorbing show.

The picture stands up well as straight drama. It celebrates the adventures of a group of youngsters who want to register the dirges of American folklore as they have heard them in jails, boxcars, and honky-tonks throughout the country. There is a brilliant swing pianist who cares more about a hot trumpet than the ethics of the fellow who toots it. There are the swing-crazy companions he picks up as he launches a band. And behind the music there is a plot about a tough gambler and the tough girl who loves him, which fits smoothly into the action as a whole.

This sort of crisscrossing of jam sessions and violence requires expert playing. To my mind, Blues in the Night has exceedingly good acting. Few of the players in the show have had their names in bright lights, but they know their way around in a musical melodrama. Richard Whorf is particularly fine as the talented pianist and composer who is the inspiration of the barnstorming band until he falls in love with a gun moll. He gives an incisive, stinging performance which should win him a lot of first-rate assignments in Hollywood.

Almost as good is Elia Kazan, who was so splendid in several Clifford Odets plays on the stage and has a genuine instinct for movie make-believe. When he and Whorf are in the center of the screen it always means excitement as well as sheer entertainment. Then there are Jack Carson, who portrays a stumble-bum trumpet player who reforms when his singing wife is about to have a baby; Priscilla Lane, as the nice wife; and Billy Halop as a traps artist. On the melodramatic side are such knowing villains as Lloyd Nolan, who gives the band its first break in his gambling joint, and Betty Field, who plays the feminine menace with a great deal of force and conviction.

Blues in the Night is not a distinguished picture. But it adds up to quite a package of entertainment, between the music and the violence. Anatole Litvak has staged the show at the brisk pace which it obviously needed. Henry Blanke has given it a top-notch production. There is a bit too much plot in the climax, with a killing and a suicide, but, on the whole, the film is a bang-up blues thriller.

(Warners.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Dumbo, One Foot in Heaven, The Little Foxes, The Stars Look Down, Sergeant York, Major Barbara.

★★★½—How Green Was My Valley, Two-Faced Woman, Birth of the Blues, Suspicion, It Started with Eve, You'll Never Get Rich, International Lady, Honky Tonk, All That Money Can Buy, Hold Back the Dawn.

★★★—Playmates, The Chocolate Soldier, Target for Tonight, Skylark, Ladies in Retirement, The Feminine Touch, Smilin' Through, International Squadron, Navy Blues, Lydia, Dive Bomber, Nothing but the Truth, Life Begins for Andy Hardy, Charley's Aunt, Here Comes Mr. Jordan, Wild Geese Calling, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Sun Valley Serenade, Lady Be Good, Father Takes a Wife, Tom, Dick and Harry, My Life with Caroline, Manpower, The Bride Came C. O. D., They Met in Bombay, Moon Over Miami, Blossoms in the Dust, Tight Shoes, Underground, The Big Store, Man Hunt, Out of the Fog, Caught in the Draft, In the Navy, Billy the Kid, Sunny, Blood and Sand, The Reluctant Dragon, Love Crazy, Kiss the Boys Goodbye, A Woman's Face, One Night in Lisbon, The Wagons Roll at Night.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

WINDSWEPT, by Mary Ellen Chase.

If you require fiction to raise your blood pressure with each successive chapter, Miss Chase's story of the Marston family and the house so influential in the lives of three generations is not your dish. But if you're in a mood to appreciate a tale of human relationships developing against the fresh background of Maine's little-known east coast, then you'll find she's done it beautifully in prose as cool and clean as the title would suggest. (The Macmillan Company.)

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

You Never Know Your Luck

☆ MARVIN'S pillow was hard that night. Hard and bulky. Also it had a vague odor. But that wasn't what kept him awake. What kept him awake was the knowledge that it was worth twenty thousand dollars.

You can't sleep on a pillow worth that amount. It makes you think. . . . He had found it, hadn't he? . . . And a partnership agreement over a copra plantation shouldn't cover an individual lucky break like that. . . . Besides, Jim wouldn't know what to do with twenty thousand dollars if he had it. He would put it into "the place," and lose it as surely as they had lost their shirts over young trees in the last hurricane. Jim only lived for "the place." All right, he could have it, all of it, for Marvin.

Marvin had other ideas about what to do with twenty thousand dollars. . . . First of all there was Kay. He knew she hated "the place" as much as he did, but he wasn't sure why. Was it because it kept him or Jim so far away? He felt instinctively that it was one or the other of them, but he had never quite known which. Kay was like that. . . . Well, he was now in a position to find out.

No more waiting to have something to offer her. He *had* something, everything he knew she longed for—escape from these cursed Islands of the Blest where no white woman should be, cool rains, and all the other things worth having four thousand miles away. Home. Surely that would balance the scales in his favor.

He lit the kerosene lamp and wrote on a piece of flyblown paper with a rusty pen:

Dear Jim:

This letter is a deed of transfer—transfer of my share of the place to you. You deserve it anyway, the way you've hung on. Me, I'm through.

Now don't you worry about me, because I'm not worrying about you. The boys will look after you far better than I could, and luck will look after me.

All the best to you from
Your ex-partner,
(Signed) FRED MARVIN.

He felt better after that. It was a square deal.

When he took the letter into the other room, their head boy, Roko, was still squatting on the mats like a bronze statue on guard, and Jim was still a bit delirious with fever. He was muttering something about "the place."

Marvin propped the letter against the quinine bottle and went back to his room. He felt he had done all he could for Jim. It was now up to him to do all he could for himself.

His pillow had been an ordinary gunny sack, bulging at the bottom to about the size of a man's head and tied with sennit. He flung it over his shoulder and set out. There was a boat leaving the settlement for San Francisco in three days. He could just make it. Then he would be done with "the place" forever.

Down on the beach there was the usual medley of native outrigger canoes. He chose what he considered the best, lashed the sack to the mast, and shoved off through the gentle lop of a starlit sea. The lugsail caught an offshore breath, and he was away. It was as easy as that.

The breath increased to a breeze. He must be doing six knots. It was queer to be steering with a sweep instead of a wheel, but it seemed to serve its purpose just the same. No wonder the Kanakas could do anything with these outriggers.

He must have been doing something like eight knots when he came up into the wind. How did you reef an outrigger lugsail? He clutched at the thrashing canvas. There were no reef points, and he couldn't lower away because the halyard had somehow fouled in the block. He went back to the steering sweep with bleeding fingernails. He knew nothing about sail. So he ran. He ran at something like ten knots onto naked coral, and stayed there until the mast went—and the sack with it. Then he plunged after it into the sea.

There were sharks, of course, but there was no time to think of that. He managed to unlash the sack from the floating spar, and started to swim with it. It was buoyant, and he hadn't far to go. He could see the ash-gray glint of mangrove trunks against the dark shore line, and reached them and clambered into them.

He knew just where he was—on the main island of the group, about thirty miles from the settlement. He would only have to skirt the coast line and he was bound to make it. But there's no accounting for mangroves. Their twisted roots, sprouting from a slime that smells like death, sometimes writhe inland for miles, and Marvin had to writhe with them.

He found it necessary to camp for the rest of the night in the only open spot he could find, a tiny beach flanked by cliffs of volcanic rock. He slept—until something crawled onto his foot. He woke, and saw it was a crab, and crushed it with a rock.

But there were others, an endless procession of them, with their eyes on stalks and with a parrot's beak for a mouth. They advanced on him in mass formation however many he crushed.

It was absurd, but he couldn't hold them off. He went on killing them until he was played out. They had him ringed now, with his back to the cliff, and they were crawling up his legs, slowly, but faster than he could tear them from him. He turned and started to climb the cliff. He did climb a little way, and reached a ledge, and lay there gasping.

Then, as he looked down on the moving mass below him, he saw that it was concentrating on something. His hand flew to his shoulder. The sack had gone. They were devouring twenty thousand dollars.

He leaped upon them, plunged his arms down through them, and never felt a thing but the sack. He crushed those that were clinging to him by beating himself against the cliff face, and reached the ledge again. He had the sack. Nothing else mattered. He gave a twittering laugh, and climbed on up the cliff.

He was carrying the sack like a child in his arms when he broke from the mangroves onto the blessed solidity of the beach road leading to the settlement.

☆ SOME hours later, spruced up to something of his usual sleekness, he was with Kay at her little bungalow on the hillside.

She seemed pleased to see him, very pleased in her own quiet way, and after a meal to be remembered, he opened up.

"I've had a stroke of luck," he told her.

She looked at him across the table with her steady gray eyes that never let you know what they saw.

"I'm so glad," she said.

"I've come into money," he went on; "not much, but enough." He sipped his brandy. It steadies the nerves. He had his story slick, but somehow the poise of this woman, who was the only woman for him, threw him out of his stride. She hadn't even asked after Jim. That was queer. "Enough to get

out of this dump and go back home," he ended triumphantly.

"But how wonderful!" She smiled her own particular smile, and Marvin found himself babbling like a fool: "You needn't worry. He's all right."

"Who?" she asked.

"Jim."

"Oh." That was all she said: "Oh."

Jim was still delirious. Martin propped the letter against the bottle.

"You've been saved from marrying a crazy woman," she said—But she wasn't so crazy

BY RALPH STOCK

"Touch of the old fever," Marvin hurried on, "but he always gets over that. I did what I could."

"Of course you did," she said. But she didn't ask why Jim had been left there, sick and alone.

"You see," he said, "they brought me a letter from lawyers in San Francisco. A relation I'd forgotten all about left me a nice wad, and I had to come here to cable proof of existence."

She nodded understandingly.

"I've handed over my share of the place to Jim," he told her.

"That's fine of you, Fred," she said.

"Oh, it's nothing. I don't need it now, and he does. I don't believe you could pry Jim loose from that place with a crowbar. He loves it more than anything in the world."

"Yes," she said slowly, after a pause, "I think he does."

They went onto the veranda.

"I've always hated the place," Marvin said.

"I know," she said, smiling at him.

"Because it kept me from you. It's different now."

She was leaning on the veranda rail, very still, looking out over the garden. He went close to her.

"We can go back home," he said, "and marry, and live in God's country. The boat sails at dawn tomorrow. What about it, Kay?"

"I don't know, Fred," she said. "I thought I knew, but I don't—now."

"Now? What do you mean? We shall have everything."

"Yes, that's just it," she murmured.

"But this is crazy!" he burst out.

She turned to him then. "Of course it is. So you've been saved from marrying a crazy woman. Your luck's holding, Fred."

"But what are you going to do?" he demanded.

"Does it matter?"

"It does to me."

She just stood looking at him.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I don't think you'd understand. You go back home and enjoy yourself. You have everything."

And quite suddenly he knew what she was going to do and why she was going to do it. She was going to Jim because he was alone out there and had nothing.

Marvin laughed—if you could call it a laugh—and left her there on the veranda and went aboard the boat.

☆ "CAN you beat it?" he asked his friend the purser over sundry drinks. "Turned down flat because you're in the money."

"It's a new one on me," the purser admitted, glancing round his cabin's portrait gallery of feminine charm. "But I shouldn't get sore about it. You never know your luck."

"Well, I know mine!" Marvin was beginning to shout. "My luck's in my cabin right now. Twenty thousand dollars of it. 'Dough before women,' that's my slogan!"

"You bet!" said the purser with his customary tact, and conducted Marvin out of the cabin on the plea of work.

Marvin went to his own cabin and took the sack out of a suitcase. He untied the sennit binding and extracted a mottled yellow substance that reflected the light in an oily sheen.

"Hello, sweetheart!" he crooned, dandling it in his hands.

☆ THE marine expert Marvin interviewed in San Francisco looked up from the mottled yellow substance on his desk with a sympathetic smile and assured Marvin that many people had made the same mistake.

"Mistake?" Marvin heard himself repeating.

"Yes. They all think they have found ambergris, whereas it is generally something quite different. In this case it is soap—probably a crate of soap washed up by the tide after long immersion. You see, the action of the salt water—"

But Marvin heard no more.

THE END

TO THE *Ladies*

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

☆ "YOU can spot watch-wise customers," says Anna Tourneau, "by the way they handle a watch. The uninitiate pick it up and dangle it in front of their eyes. Connoisseurs lay it in the palm of the left hand; bend an ear over it; listen carefully to the tick-tick-tick." . . . Anna Tourneau has reached success in a business few women enter. She designs unusual watches. After starting her career as a Paris dress stylist, she married a Swiss watchmaker, then became so interested in his work that she abandoned her fashion job in favor of watchcraft. Now she's a leading creator of watch novelties. The lipstick watch and the telephone watch are her ideas. Because watches are so popular as Christmas presents, I thought you might be interested in this talk I had with Mrs. Tourneau. Gracie Allen, she told me, sports three big gold disks on her wrist—initial G on the first, watch in the middle disk, initial A on the third. Jeanette MacDonald and husband, Gene Raymond, wear matched watches set in crystal, hers on a link bracelet, his on a vest chain. General M. A. Camacho, President of Mexico, wears an *ice cube* watch, the works bedded in a transparent crystal block, so you can see 'em run. Lucius Beebe can't *keep* his fancy watches; friends have snitched six off him; now he's wearing his seventh.

"Men like intimate inscriptions on a watch," Mrs. Tourneau declares. She knows a girl who drew a shy man out of his shell by giving him a watch engraved with these words: "I love you all the time."

☆ A WELL known advertising artist prospers greatly from his pictures of large, luscious blondes. His wife gets a good deal of ribbing on the subject, for she is small and dark. She cracks back at the ribbers with this shrewd philosophy: "Give a man enough blondes and he'll hang himself—around a brunette's neck."

☆ *Gift Suggestions:* . . . Miniature lapel mittens from Sweden, 40 cents a pair. . . . Swedish ski caps and ski bonnets, $1 each. . . . Bottle of Virgin Island bay rum in palm-leaf jacket for that man's after-shave; 6-ounce, 75 cents, 12-ounce, $1.50. . . . Framed Great Seal of the United States, in colors; decorative and patriotic; about $1.50. . . . Compact with tiny built-in flashlight for movie or parked-car prinking, $1.50. . . . Bracelet or watch-chain locket to hold a Kodachrome transparency, gold or silver finished, $2. . . . Eight hilarious signs for the rumpus room—they're called Party Plaques, $2.50. . . . Paper napkins for parties, funny gags printed on them, $1.50 for box of fifty. . . . Twin-face clock for night table between twin beds, has faces front and back, $12.75 to $17.50. . . . Leather pastime kit holding two decks cards, two hundred poker chips, pair of dice, $3 to $5. . . . An expert analysis by Macy's Department Store gift scouts lists the following presents preferred by army and navy boys: . . . Food delicacies, adult games, writing paper, folding picture frames and pocket picture cases, cigarette cases and lighters, army record books, scrap books, address books, diaries, military brushes, clothes brushes, metal cups in leather covers. . . . More suggestions next week.

☆ EXPERIMENTS at the University of California seem to indicate that cats see in the dark better than we can—an old belief long scoffed at by science. The new research shows night blindness resulting from a vitamin A deficiency. Foods extra rich in vitamin A are milk, liver, fish—all relished by cats. Green things high in vitamin A are escarole, dandelions, parsley, endive, kale. Begin eating them young, girls, to strengthen eyes and dodge glasses.

☆ ELIZABETH LOUNSBERY, best known as an authority on table settings for parties, has just written a useful book of timely interest, now that defense work makes domestic help so hard to get. Entertaining Without a Maid is the title. (Published by Harper & Brothers. $2.)

☆ WITH the boys home on Christmas leave from camp and the girls hanging round, you'll need holiday chow hearty enough for young appetites. These *Canadian Meat Pies* make good hot suppers or tasty cold snacks out of the refrigerator at midnight: . . . Put 3 pounds ground fresh ham in heavy kettle with 2 sliced onions, a veal or beef bone, ½ cup water. Simmer gently 1½ hours, adding a little water if necessary. Boil and mash 6 potatoes. Remove bones from meat. Mix meat with potatoes. Flavor with ½ teaspoon nutmeg, 2 tablespoons tomato catchup. Let cool. Prepare upper and lower crusts for three shallow pies, same as fruit pies. Work 2 tablespoons minced parsley into dough for each piecrust. Fill pies and bake brown.

"I'll admit your mother-in-law is better than mine!"

Hugh? The strangest thing had happened on that night! It was so bright that a rooster crowed, and we had laughed together, wondering what the hens of his flock might say to him when they awoke to his crow and found false dawn.

"Oh, I hope they won't be mean to him!"

"They couldn't be," I had said. "Nothing has a right to be mean when we're so happy."

But I was back in the living room now, watching the rapt faces of my son and his sweetheart. Hugh was talking—or was it I?

"Mother, you've got to be awfully careful of yourself. You can't do any work. We'll do all the housework. Something might happen to the baby—if you're not careful."

Now Ellen looked at me and laughed. Her heart was full—and we were together in the glade again, in the moonlight, where the brook began. The light was silver green, unearthly, and hope welled up in us with its music, its poetry, and its power. I had felt overwhelmed by some great dream I'd had for Hugh, and I had said to Ellen: "I don't dare tell you. It might not come true."

"But don't you see it doesn't matter, dear? Just so long as you have a dream for him, it's all right. That's what makes me glad."

What, exactly, had been my dream for the boy whose every word enriched us now? I couldn't remember. But it came back into me as a sensation of mystery and magnitude. My dream must have been fantastic, probably having to do with fame, deeds, stature, and astounding success. Perhaps I was really just wondering what the unborn Hugh would be like—because suddenly now, in the living room, I felt myself wondering intensely about this new baby, wanting him to be like Hugh, so that some day he could give back to others the beauty they had lost, as Hugh was giving it now to Ellen and to me.

Hugh and Kay, standing in front of Ellen, were subjecting her to a worried scrutiny. They looked at each other, and from each other got a wordless cue. Then Hugh said, "Mother, do you know it's getting late?"

"You ought to have lots and lots of sleep at a time like this," said Kay emphatically.

Ellen's laugh was like silver in the sun. "I don't want to go to sleep when I feel like this. And—Ken dear, do you hear the sound of birds?"

"Yes," I said. "It's almost sunrise."

"Birds?" said Hugh, perplexed. "Sunrise? What do you mean, dad? It's dark. The birds have been in their nests a long time."

I looked at Ellen, and her lips were trembling. "Where I am," I said, "the birds are just waking up."

And I was in the glade again, with Ellen, while the moonlight faded into morning. Our arms were around each other, and everywhere in the trees the birds were singing. We heard a step and drew apart. A farmer on the way to his field had seen us, and he smiled as though he thought he understood. I glared at the farmer for

"But, officer, so many men whistle. How did I know this was official?"

seeing something that was ours, feeling that he had no right to see it, or to smile as if he understood. And I said to Ellen, when the farmer went away: "People who see us like this ought to be struck blind. That man smiled as if he thought he understood us."

"But he did understand, dear," Ellen had said as we turned toward home. "I'm glad he saw us. It made him happy too. Listen! Hear him? He's whistling in his field. He's all alone and whistling!"

"All right," I said. "That makes it different. He can have his sight again."

Now, so many years later, in our living room, Ellen and I were alone together. Kay and Hugh had suddenly rushed away. They had gone off down the street, whispering, hand in hand, to find Henry and tell him about the baby—and to talk alone.

I walked around the table to Ellen's chair and kissed her. She looked up at me and said: "You don't have to tell me, dear. I know where you went tonight."

"Yes. It was good to get back there, El. I want to stay there awhile."

"Was I with you?"

"I couldn't be there without you. I'd like to go there—really go there—right now."

She laughed and said: "But there's a block of yellow-brick apartments on that little field where we heard the farmer whistling."

"I know, El. But I don't care. Besides, there's no yellow-brick block for me—and if there is, I could walk right through the walls and never know it was there. And—El! Did you ever see any one like Hugh? Did you ever know any one's eyes could look that way?"

She smiled, and it shone clear through me, and she said: "Yes, dear—yours are like that right now."

THE END

No wonder good cooks use Parkay Margarine for making luscious cookies and cakes! The delicate, tempting *taste* that has made Parkay a favorite spread for bread, makes it a real *flavor*-shortening . . . makes it grand for pan-frying, too. Parkay is a wholesome, nourishing *energy* food and a reliable year 'round source of Vitamin A (9,000 U. S. P. XI units per pound). *It's made by Krafts.*

Made by the makers of MIRACLE WHIP *Salad Dressing*

that she relinquished part of the fruits of her victory over China in the 1890s, did the same thing after her war with Russia in 1904-05, and again backed down at the Washington Conference and gave up the special position in Shantung in China which was conceded to her under the Treaty of Versailles.

Conditions today are vastly different from those which followed Japan's other wars. Then she was permitted to keep part of what she had won, but this time she has not beaten China into surrender. Never before has she been faced with the alternative of continuing to fight or disarming; never before, with the alternative of continuing to fight or ordering home an army of more than a million and a half men from huge invaded areas. Never before has the momentary cessation of her career of conquest and loot been accompanied by the danger of the overthrow and destruction of her ruling classes—but if she stops now she will face precisely that danger at home.

The strategists of the Far East count upon several months more for preparations before Japan strikes, although they admit that Hitler's agents in Tokyo may argue the Japanese into an earlier surprise move, and that hotheaded and irresponsible Japanese army leaders may precipitate a clash before Tokyo is ready for it.

Before the field of hostilities moves into the south, it seems certain that Japan will endeavor to remove the peril which Vladivostok and the Soviet position in Siberia constitute. She is obviously hoping that Stalin's need for aircraft for use against the Germans will force him to remove from the Vladivostok, Amur River, and outer Mongolian fronts some of the hundreds of bombing planes which constitute the deadliest menace to her few sprawling flimsily built industrial cities. If the Russian lines in Europe become stabilized without the necessity of depleting Soviet military strength in Siberia, Japan's plight will become graver. She cannot move southward and become involved in war with Britain and with the United States, and keep an important part of her forces immobilized in the far north as a precaution against an attack from that direction.

Unless Japan plans only naval and air attacks, she can make no move against the Philippines, the East Indies, or Malaya before December. The first of October found her just completing tremendous transfers of men and material into Manchukuo, Korea, and northern China. This movement has required nearly two months, and a southward military push would require an equal time for preparation.

Other signs that the South Pacific area will have a breathing spell are not lacking. In the Philippines Japanese business men show no signs of liquidating their assets and moving out; thus far, evacuation has been confined almost entirely to women and children. Further, the Japanese consul general in Batavia has personally told Japanese business men in the East Indies that, while he approves sending women and children away, the time for costly liquidation of assets has not yet arrived.

When and if hostilities spread south, it is certain that the Philippines, and particularly Manila, will be Japan's first target. She dares not move against the East Indies or Malaya, leaving the American naval and air strength unimpaired upon her eastern flank. From their knowledge of Japan's available merchant shipping tonnage, the authorities in Manila are confident that she cannot send many more than 125,000 men as an invading force to the Philippines. It is more likely that she would make an attempt with only around 100,000. A force this size would have a most difficult task even now. It would inevitably be repulsed with heavy losses a few months from now.

The Filipinos now face the probability of having their islands become, for a time at least, one of the decisive fields of the world conflict. They accept this probability with a surprising degree of calmness. Their attitude is due in large part to a combination of gratitude to the United States and a clear realization of the fact that their further well-being depends entirely upon a victory of the democracies.

Thanks to the time, money, and effort the United States has spent here upon education, illiteracy is enormously reduced. The people of the islands have, by reading, become well informed of what Japan has done in China. They want no part in what Tokyo calls "the New Order."

Manuel Quezon, President of the commonwealth, told me: "We are with the United States to the limit of our man power and our resources. We realize that only if the democracies win this war will the smaller nations of the world have any chance of surviving. We have pledged our full help in this coming conflict, and we will carry out that pledge no matter how terrible the cost may be."

The Filipinos have grown to fear and hate the Japanese. In Davao, where a large Japanese colony has obtained a strong foothold, they are only with difficulty restrained from attacking the Japanese settlers. The Japanese now there are a pathetic group. They do not want this war; but because a very small minority of them are probably spies or agents of the Japanese militarists, the whole colony lives unhappily in an atmosphere of suspicion and hatred.

The widespread fear and hatred of Japan did not exist four years ago. It has been entirely created by Japan's career of conquest and loot in China. It was already strong at the end of last year but has increased immeasurably since then, owing largely to the occupation of French Indo-China. It has become a terrible thing and will handicap Japan for decades to come. It grows not only among the sixteen million people of the Philippines but is equally strong among Thailand's millions and among five million Malays in the Malay Peninsula, and is particularly strong among the seventy million inhabitants of the Netherlands East Indies. Add to it the bitter loathing in which Japan is held by the hundreds of millions of Chinese, and the total becomes appalling.

The Japanese militarists by their own aggressions have brought about this state of affairs. When they first began their rampage in China, the peoples of east Asia raised their heads in alarm. Then their thoughts began to turn to defense. Now they are thinking how to destroy this encroaching menace. They find living under constant and increasing threats of attack and invasion intolerable, and their conviction that Japan as a military power must be humbled is resulting in the rapid mustering of forces that can attain this end.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 36

1—Louis Brandeis, the late Supreme Court justice, was sneeringly so called because of his many battles against the monopolists in Boston.

2—The fathom, taken as six feet.

3—President James Madison.

4—"I knew him, Horatio."

5—America, Britain, China, and the Dutch East Indies.

6—Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, afterward Prime Minister of England.

7—Ten to the tenth power of the tenth power—written $10^{10^{10}}$.

8—No. The act making native-born Indians citizens was passed in 1924. Only those born after that date are eligible for the Presidency. And all would be too young to meet the Presidential age requirement of thirty-five.

9—The Statue of Liberty.

10—The phrase is said to come from an old type of picnic in which fresh fish were caught, salted, and served from a briny kettle. The fish were pretty strong and the whole thing troublesome—whence the meaning.

11—The average is about 60 words a minute. Miss Hamma typed 149 words a minute for one hour.

12—Phi Beta Kappa, organized December 5, 1776.

13—No. Whittington came from a family far from destitute, and later made a large fortune before becoming Lord Mayor of London. The cat story was first mentioned in a play produced centuries after he died.

14—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Los Angeles.

15—That of Poet Laureate of England.

16—She was the wife of the Greek philosopher Socrates. Her name came to stand for a scold because of his frequent remarks about her in this regard.

17—Because holly, with its green leaves and red berries, was so frequently used in Christmas decoration.

18—England. And the gentleman doing the name-calling was Napoleon, who swiped the phrase from Wealth of Nations, by Adam Smith, an Englishman!

19—Because he introduced tobacco into France. His name was given to nicotine, obtained from tobacco.

20—Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands received an honorary degree from Rutgers University. The degree was awarded via transatlantic radio between New Brunswick, New Jersey, and London, England.

VOX POP—Continued from Page 4

but maybe in the cities they do get paid.

Please verify this as to its correctness and answer me.—*M. C. King.*

Miss Hurst grew up in the Middle West. She ought to know.—Vox Pop Ed.

Birmingham, Ala.—I am so tired of reading war stories, I could scream. Give us stories like Miss Within's Room, by Ruth Burr Sanborn (October 18 Liberty). Such stories play on the heartstrings, yet give one a feeling of calmness.—*Gertrude Woolley Roth.*

Graham, N. C.—I have just read Liberty of October 18, and do want to congratulate you on publishing such stories as Miss Within's Room, Miss Crane Won't Be In Today, and The Silver Teapot. We readers like to get away from war stories now and then. Can anything be more beautiful than Miss Within's Room?—*Mrs. B. F. De Loatch.*

"IN BLOOD AND DEATH"

Newark, N. J.—I tender to you my congratulations on that most remarkable editorial "The Fool Hath Said in His Heart—" (November 1 Liberty). In these days of fear and pessimism, your faith that "in blood and death" materialism will disappear because men and women will feel God's presence is encouraging. I think you have done a great service to all of us.—*Archibald Kemp, Vice-President, Firemen's Insurance Company of Newark, New Jersey.*

A NEWCOMER SENDS A SAMPLE OF HIS STANDPOINT

New York, N. Y.—I refer—although a little retarded—to your recent Vox Pop discussion of what to do with Hitler if he were captured.

Three years ago I left a country which I rated—up to then—for somehow a cultivated country with a somehow cultivated population. Well! Erring is human and—in a certain sense—I am thankful to God and the Germans. How else ever would I have enjoyed close acquaintance with my brand-new homeland?

I am now fifty-eight and happened to see a Kaiser Franz Josef, a William the II (and last), a Dollfuss, and at last the biggest monster ever constructed in a malicious mood of Mother Nature. And now I enjoy the grace of the Almighty. Can you imagine how happy I feel?

Here I enclose a sample of my standpoint.—*Bernhard Pater.*

WELL, YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO A RADIO AUDIENCE

Salem, Mass.—I agree with Eddie Cantor (in his Ten Best Gags, October 25 Liberty) that a man telling a joke, no matter how old, should not be interrupted—he should be allowed to disgrace himself completely.

Oh, for the good old days, facing a heckler. I wonder if Cantor remembers the gag of the unruly audience. And the leading man on the stage saying to the actors: "Let's beat up this audience—we outnumber them."—*A Former Vaudevillian.*

A PLAN FOR ARMANDO

Barnard, Kan.—Just what type of art does Armando create for Liberty? I believe that if a reformed *bon vivant* saw some of those nightmarish sketches he'd wonder if he hadn't slipped backward. Why not limit this sketching to a fourth or half page and print something interesting on the remaining portion?—*Donald H. Bisbing.*

YOU PROBABLY WOULDN'T TAKE OUR ADVICE ABOUT IT

Indianapolis, Ind.—Whom would you nominate as Hitler's three favorite Americans? I got this idea and don't know what to do with it.—*Fred T. Roadcap.*

ON THE AIR AND EVERYWHERE, IT'S—

YOU CAN'T HELP INHALING—BUT YOU CAN HELP YOUR THROAT!

IT'S a fact—all smokers *sometimes* inhale. More smoke reaches delicate nose and throat passages. And *chances* of irritation *increase! But now look at the findings* of eminent doctors who compared five leading brands of cigarettes... and report that:

IN STRIKING CONTRAST TO PHILIP MORRIS—IRRITANT EFFECTS OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING BRANDS AVERAGED THREE TIMES AS HIGH—AND LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG!

Some inhaling goes with smoking... but worry about throat irritation need *not* go with inhaling. Change now to Philip Morris — for pleasure *without penalties. Why wait?*

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

Blood of the Dragon

☆ LI SU-CHANG, a Chinese girl who is helping Harland Simpson of the United States intelligence service to run down a conspiracy, discovers that the plot concerns a way to strike at every soldier in the draft camps. Nag Yat, a renegade Chinese posing as a Korean business man, is one of the chief conspirators, and Li Su-Chang, although she hates him because he was responsible for the deaths of her father and mother, pretends to love him in order to gain his confidence.

One day, while telephoning to Simpson, she is stricken with a heart attack, brought on, so the doctor says, by a drug. Strangely, there has been an epidemic of heart trouble in two camps, too, but no one knows how the drug—if a drug is responsible—was administered.

Nag Yat is to fly to Yucatan in a plane owned by von Dennewitz, a wealthy German-American. Simpson knocks out the Italian pilot of the plane and takes his place, disguised by helmet, goggles, and an Italian accent. In Yucatan, while Nag Yat is conferring with his friends, Simpson sets fire to the plane and arranges things so that it will be assumed that he, the pilot, has been burned with it. Then he and another intelligence service agent take a second plane and visit certain chemical factories in Mexico—factories producing matches which will be marketed in the United States through the Meteor Supreme Corporation, of which Nag Yat, von Dennewitz, as well as several Americans of wealth and unimpeachable social standing, are directors.

"Something's wrong with those paper matches, dreadfully wrong," Simpson tells Macdonnell, his assistant.

PART VII—"I SHALL KEEP MY PROMISE"

☆ MACDONNELL'S pale-blue eyes blinked their astonishment. "Y'mean that?" he demanded.

"Yes. The dope's in the matches."

"Oh!"

"*Must* be. I found out by elimination."

"I see. Well, if the stuff isn't kosher, what about callin' in the customs service and havin' it stopped at the border?"

"Can't be done."

"Why can't it?" inquired Li Su-Chang, who had been an interested listener. The three were in Li Su-Chang's room, after dark; they had made very certain they were not observed.

"Because of the people who're mixed up in it. Some of them are very big. Wainwright Jones for one, and Grant and . . ."

"That's the first time," Macdonnell exclaimed stormily, "I've known you to be afraid of the big shots, chief."

"Nor am I afraid—for myself. I'm afraid for America."

"What d'you mean?"

"I mean that if some things should become public property, this country'll be shaken to its foundation. There'll be hate between class and class. Bitter mutual mistrust and recrimination. Perhaps riots, bloodshed, lynchings. Even—who can tell?—civil war."

"Aw, that sort o' thing don't happen—not in America."

"Went to school, didn't you? Heard of Fort Sumter, Bull Run, Gettysburg?"

"It was different in them days. There was a reason."

"So there'd be a reason today. Half the time, you see, reason is not what men know but what they imagine."

Simpson shuddered. A glacial atmosphere seemed to close around him with the black icy cold of death. He felt lost, shelterless, in the depths of his apprehension; felt an invasion of stark choking panic.

He pulled himself together.

"Besides," he continued, "these people—that is Jones and others like him—don't know what they're doing nor what grim forces they're up against. They're acting in perfectly good faith. Take this Meteor Supreme deal, for instance. What they see in it is a chance for the sort of enormous investment, not to forget enormous profits, which is meat and drink to them. And, too, a chance to thumb their noses at Uncle Sam. Telling him: 'So you imagine that you and your bright little brain trusters have clipped our financial wings? All right—watch us soar!' " He smiled. "Rather childish, as so many great men are childish—even great business men. A bit like artists—vain, touchy, self-centered. That's how they've been roped in by Nag Yat and his gang. Fall guys. But if they realized what's in back of it . . ."

"Why not put 'em wise right now?" was Macdonnell's immediate suggestion.

"Because I don't want to go off half cocked. Can't afford to tip off my hand to the enemy. I'm not yet sure of all my facts. But—by heaven"—his voice rose strong—"the moment I *am* . . ." He paused, turned to Li Su-Chang. "I'll need your help soon. Within the next day or two. Your biggest job is yet to be done."

The detective came nearer. "Nag Yat?" he whispered.

She inclined her head. "I shall keep my promise."

He looked at her. He was conscious of a queer, violent, immense tenderness. In that moment he knew—what he had refused to countenance before—he loved this woman.

"Of course you will," he replied woodenly.

So young she was, so lovely, so defenseless. And this thing he was making her do—this pitiful and abominable sacrifice . . .

He sighed. "You must see Nag Yat," he told her.

"Oh"—her voice faltered—"again?"

"Yes. It is vital."

"And I," she said dully, "had hoped that since my illness I would—oh—might refuse him when . . ."

"Listen!" he interrupted. "The safety of this nation is in the balance. The destiny of this nation . . ."

"Two nations!" she murmured, as if her words were a prayer and from that prayer she gathered courage. "Yours and mine. I—I shall do this thing you ask—if he—Nag Yat wants me . . ."

"Oh"—with a thin unhappy smile—"he'll want you all right."

She broke into sobbing, and Simpson stood up, pale and shaken, while Macdonnell abruptly left the room. In that dreadful moment in their lives, both of them were lost—never to be the same again. Never! Never! For he took her in his arms and comforted her, and their love rioted in their blood, in torment at the unclean business at which duty made them plot.

"There is little time, Li Su-Chang," Simpson said hoarsely, when at last he had mastered his unhappiness. "The plan is almost ready to be launched. My trip to Yucatan convinced me of that. Before it is launched, from hints I picked up in your remarks, from our spies elsewhere, too—the whole crowd of conspirators will soon be holding another meeting. It will be the final—the definite—and dangerous—session."

"You want me to find out the date?"

"And the hour."

"Very well. I—I'll do my best—may the blessed Buddha help me!"

She had spoken in a low whisper. Now her voice became stronger.

"You have a plan, I know. A reckless plan, I'm sure. Tell me—what . . ."

"I cannot tell you."

She mused; went on:

"Nag Yat thinks you're dead—really dead this time, doesn't he?"

"I hope to heaven he does."

"And so you—mean to . . ." She stared at him, stopped him with a gesture as he was about to speak. "I know what you're going to do. You—you mustn't. The danger is too great. They're almost sure to discover you. And if they do, they'll kill you. Oh, yes. But before killing you—they—they're Asiatics . . ."

"I know," said Simpson, as she paused. "They use torture. I lived in the East a long time. It can't matter, dear Li Su-Chang. This whole thing is too big for the fate of individuals to matter. Promise to bring me word."

"On my word, I promise."

And suddenly, before either knew what was happening, she was weeping in his arms, and he was kissing her.

☆ JUST then the telephone bell rang. Li Su-Chang answered. "Hello?"

Then a short pause. She listened.

Can a man be in love . . and send the girl of his heart to the arms of another man?

BY ACHMED ABDULLAH

"Oh . . ." she mumbled, swallowing hard.

Then she said, in staccato, singsong Chinese:

"Ni min hau chan ho lok. . . ."

The detective came nearer.

"Nag Yat?" he whispered.

She nodded; continued speaking into the instrument:

"Sang ni kam chin ho la. . . ."

Simpson watched the girl closely. He wondered how she would handle the situation after she and Nag Yat had finished swapping their stilted, lengthy, insincere Mongol compliments. He noticed presently how her slim body stiffened, how she breathed deeply, like somebody about to take a plunge, when, to something Nag Yat

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must have asked her, she replied in Chinese:

"Surely I am missing you, O great dragon! Most surely I long for you once more! Ah—by the Buddha the Adored!—it was the thought of your release to my arms tonight after too long an absence which proved to me that . . ."

She kept on talking; kept on piling sentiment on florid extravagant Oriental sentiment, assuring him that—*hayah!*—she had missed him so while he was in Yucatan; that day after day she had longed for him as, season after season, the breast of the earth heaves to the spring song of ripening rice. . . .

☆ MACDONNELL, who had come in, had sidled up to Simpson. "What's she jabberin'?" he demanded hoarsely. "Playin' him for a sucker—the way she coos."

"Right you are."

Oh, yes, thought Simpson, she was living up to her promise. Loyal, stanch little martyr. And clever. Skillfully playing the age-old game between Eve and Adam. And playing it with marked cards.

He stared unhappily through the darkness at Macdonnell.

"She's giving him the works, Mac," he mumbled, "to use your own language."

Indeed Li Su-Chang, once more in answer to Nag Yat, was speaking now dramatically:

"Dinner tomorrow night—with you? And, later, a week-end in the country? How can I? I am not a rich Pekingese lady of fashion but—*ai, ai!*—a humble mud turtle, almost a *ch'iung jen*, a beggar. I do not earn much at the Golden Peiping Cabaret. But I need every tael I earn. Need it for myself. And to buy rice and, so very seldom, a lean sliver of pork for my family, home in China . . ."

The detective was filled with tragic admiration for her cleverness.

There was no difference, he considered, as he had before, in tricks of sex warfare East and West. Though she broke her soul on the wheel to do it, yet it was the same old story of shrewd gold digger and middle-aged infatuated butter-and-egg man.

"The thought of your having to work for your living"—Simpson caught some of Nag Yat's words as they boomed resonantly along the wires—"the thought of your narrow hands roughened by toil—it hurts me, small Plum Blossom! And why *should* you have to work? Have I not great wealth? And what worth is all my wealth to me except in what it can give to you, O delight? Ah—to have and hold you, I would throw a noose around the far moon. . . ."

Nag Yat was growing lyrical.

Let death come, he announced, and the wind of life lull; let the golden light of the sun fail and the flowers wilt and droop; let the myriad stars gutter out one by one like spent candles, and the world crumble to dust in the black storm of final oblivion . . . yet would this love survive—defying eternity—defying the very Buddha. . . . Their first meeting of love had been wonderful—

She replaced the receiver on the hook. She turned, staring at Simpson with terribly hurt eyes, moistening her lips with the tip of her tongue.

She mumbled something.

"What's the matter?" he demanded—knowing very well what was the matter.

"I—I've kept my promise, but it is not enough. Now I must go to him—to live with him. With *him*—the man who murdered my father and who . . ."

A tempest of sobs raked her. Simpson put a hand on her shoulder. She shook it off.

"Leave me alone!" Her voice peaked a hysterical octave. "Leave me alone! You got what you wanted—got what you wanted—"

She wept as if her heart would break. She stumbled across the room and threw herself on the couch. With her fists she beat the pillows. And it was Jim Macdonnell who hurried up to her, who knelt by her side, took her in his arms, produced a large red-checkered bandanna handkerchief and wiped her eyes.

"Aw," he told her, and there was a catch in his rumbling basso, "take it easy, kid!"

And then, after a while, she sat up and looked at Simpson.

"You were right about that meeting," she said. "It will be day after tomorrow—six o'clock—in that upper room."

☆ AFTERWARD, when his assistant had left, the detective said to her:

"Nuisance not to be able to put it into words."

"What?"

"How I feel about it. About"—a little embarrassed — "what you've done. My gratitude. Anything I might say would sound so inadequate and trite."

"Why should you thank me at all?" She had fully recovered from her emotional outburst; was speaking rather stiffly. "Did I *ask* you to thank me?"

"But . . ."

"Do you imagine I'm doing anything personal—for *you?*" She was silent; went on, a little less stiffly:

"Allies—aren't we?—working for the same cause."

He looked at her. He said to himself:

"How young she is—how bitter—and I am hopelessly in love with her!"

And he said aloud:

"You bet we're allies—until the end! Let's shake hands on it!"

They did. And later on, when he described the scene, Simpson remarked that but for the rising dawn in Li Su-Chang's neat little apartment, the statue of the Buddha of the Paradise of the West on his lotus pedestal, and through the window an incongruous glimpse of a clothesline where Sam Berkowitz's underwear was singing in the breeze with the pompous and self-righteous dignity

peculiar to wet red flannel—but for the rising, they might have seemed like a duet out of some heroic, bombastic, hackneyed Italian opera . . . "the grand finale at the end of the last act, if you get me—standing there, holding hands and peering soulfully into each other's eyes; quite melodramatic, quite fustian, and—oh—sort of nice, sort of decent . . . and then, presently, I flung romance to the winds and got down to prosy bedrock."

For he told her:

"Listen! About tonight. Where's Nag Yat taking you to dinner?"

"He didn't say. He's calling for me here at eight."

"Make him take you—let's see—yes—to that new place in the East Fifties. The Paradise Garden."

"Why?"

"I've never been there."

"I don't see what . . ."

"I may drop in—to find out how charming you are in evening dress."

"Oh."

She was getting impatient. She was, after all, intensely Chinese, while he was intensely American. And so, though they were destined to be close to each other in danger and triumph, she never quite understood his trick, typical of his nation, of cloaking grave moments, grave moods, grave plans with light and frivolous talk.

"Very well," she agreed.

He looked at her. Again he was conscious of a deep driving tenderness.

And he thought: That small ivory-white face of hers, so finely chiseled, so proudly set and carried! Her sloe-black eyes, so soft and yet so firm, so kind and yet so—so stubbornly brave! And her red lips . . .

And he thought:

I no longer wish she were an American, nor that I were a Chinese. . . .

He laughed—it was rather a brittle laugh—to hide what he really felt, and she said:

"I don't like being laughed at."

"Nor," was his answer, "am I laughing at you. I'm laughing at myself. And at life."

☆ HE went to his hotel. He found there a further report from the laboratories in Washington. The scientists at work on the problem were still puzzled, but they had at least established one important point. Simpson had been right. While there was no drug whatever in the tobacco of the cigarette which Li Su-Chang had partly smoked in the drugstore, there *was* a thus far unidentified but powerful chemical agent in the matches—the firing head of the matches *and*, extraordinary to relate, in the cardboard of the stick. Strange, that; damned unnatural. What dreadful Oriental secret were they about to uncover? For uncover it they would; Simpson had no doubts—he knew the men who were working on the problem—scientific bloodhounds with a love for America that was like a sacred passion.

He reread the report.

Here, he thought, was part of the answer. Perhaps he would find another part tonight, in the Paradise Garden.

☆ THE Paradise Garden was neither paradise nor garden. It was New York's latest, loudest, and snobbiest.

It was almost Paris.

But not quite.

It did not know that gaiety must be spontaneous.

Gaiety, here, was according to Schedule Three, Rubric F, Paragraph Seven.

It was a New York night club copied from a Hollywood motion-picture director's idea of a New York night club.

A popping of champagne corks and clinking of glasses. A confused reek of alcohol and tobacco and overspiced food and cloying perfumes. A clashing motley of silk and lace and sober black broadcloth. A swing band flinging its idiocy of tinny lurching sounds. A dusty mist rising from the floor where men and women were dancing, with faces glued together, arms twined about waists. Men and women shouting, drinking, getting drunk. Men and women clawing and pawing each other. Men and women yelling catchwords and lewd jests from table to table.

A tawdry pantomime of secondhand make-believe mirth. A mania for the rouge and mascara of life.

All in baroque, grotesque contrast with itself and with facts. All strident and garish and diamond-hard. All stucco and tinsel. And it was typical that the flowers in the vases here and there were beautiful but of crepe paper; that the draperies were not of fabric but of painted carved plaster. . . .

And ever more people arriving. And among them, Harland Simpson, smart and distinguished in tails and white tie, a young girl hanging to his arm.

But no one who knew Harland Simpson would ever have recognized him. Tonight he was present in the Paradise Garden not as himself, nor as any of the characters he had already played in the game with Nag Yat.

Tonight Simpson was Chinese.

More, tonight Simpson was a facsimile of another, actual Chinese—and, most important of all, he was a facsimile of a Chinese who had come to America to see Nag Yat—a member of the band of conspirators.

That Chinese was called Chu Fung. He had been quietly picked up, kept in hiding by government agents, while Simpson studied not only his looks but borrowed his clothes, his postures, his accents.

Could Simpson's disguise deceive Nag Yat? Tonight would answer the question. And everything depended on the answer.

Can Simpson's masquerade succeed? Will he be able to go to the secret meeting, get the evidence he needs? And will Li Su-Chang keep her promise to help him? Risks, thrills, surprises crowd the coming chapter. In Liberty next week!

Beneath Our Christmas Tree

Every year on Christmas Eve since
I was just a lad,
We've put a package 'neath our
tree—and marked it: "Love—to Dad."
Just a pound of Edgeworth—though the
cost is really small
Of all the gifts that father gets
he likes it best of all.

Now later on when I grew up, that
famous tin of blue
Appeared beneath our Christmas tree—
but this time there were two,
For I had learned, from watching
dad, the joy a pipe can bring.
And trial and error taught me, too, that
Edgeworth was the thing.

Again this year, I'm proud to say,
beneath our Christmas tree,
We're putting gifts of Edgeworth, yes,
but this time there'll be three.
For my son has grown to manhood
now, and much to my delight,
He wants a pipe for Christmas
and I'm going to start him right.

Edgeworth is on sale at your dealer's in an attractive log cabin Christmas wrapping.

NOTE: For those pipe smokers who haven't yet discovered the joy of EDGEWORTH, America's Finest Pipe Tobacco, we print this coupon, as a means of getting acquainted.

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FULTON OURSLER

IN LIBERTY NEXT WEEK we shall bring you a condensation of one of the most important of the contemporary books, Bomber Command. This official account sold 300,000 copies in England on the first day it reached the bookshops. The author is anonymous, according to official tradition, but he is Hilary St. George Saunders, Assistant Librarian of the House of Commons and author of The Battle of Britain, which sold 4,000,000 copies. Here is John Bull's own story from the day the war began up to July, 1941, a tale of propaganda leaflets and high-explosive bombs, of attacks on the German fleet, the demolition of factories and munitions trains, of mining the enemy coasts, of wild humor in the midst of wild action, of men falling from the skies into a convention of bulls, and of other men finding bistros along the valley of the shadow of death. Here is the most authentic and exciting narrative of any branch of the Royal Air Force. All of the United States will soon be reading this book. You will find it in a brilliant streamlined Liberty condensation, eight pages of melodrama, in Liberty next week.

DOROTHY THOMPSON, TOO, contributes some excitement to next week's issue. She raises a beguiling question: Will woman's way rule tomorrow's world? She very carefully insists that she does not mean that women should rule the world. She is not a matriarch. But she believes that women know how to be neighbors, and from this draws a parallel for international relationships. We are proud to print her article—one of the most thought-stimulating we have published in a long time. Two fine short stories in addition to our regular short short are especially recommended: Wedding Gift, by Alice Douglas Kelly, and My Rocks and Rills, by Baird Hall. The best gags Charlie McCarthy ever told and an exciting picture-article on skiing are among the many other features, together with full installments of Mississippi Belle, by Clements Ripley, Blood of the Dragon, by Achmed Abdullah, and More Women in Hitler's Life, by Curt Riess. We hope you'll love it.

SALMAGUNDI:

The mail addressed to the editor of this page is growing every week and it is now beyond our control. I hope that the many friends who write in kindly letters and those other friends who speak their minds frankly and honestly in constructive criticism will not be hurt when their letters bring no replies. It is simply impossible for me to answer all the letters received, but I want to make it clear that I read them all, try not to have my head turned by the praise, and to profit, as far as human frailty permits, by the criticism. . . . From Staff Sergeant Orval L. Graham of the Air Corps Gunnery School, Las Vegas, Nevada, comes an interesting letter. One evening recently he was reading through some magazines that had been sent to the camp by citizens of Las Vegas. Suddenly he found himself staring at the picture of Maynard M. Berry, who was being presented with Liberty's gold medal for Valor in Citizenship, in the June 10, 1939, issue. Mr. Berry was Mr. Graham's first sergeant. He had been working under him as chief clerk for months, but the first sergeant had never bragged. "His strictness and attention to duty," writes Graham, "show why he was selected for the honor given him by Liberty." . . . From Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., comes the following: "In the President's Navy Day talk he mentioned the existence of a secret Nazi map for the division of Central and South America. In my story for Liberty a year or so ago I mentioned the same map! In that same story I told of Nazi air bases in Colombia and Costa Rica near the Panama Canal. In the October 26 issue of the New York Times I found practically the same data which I brought out in that article."

I have read some interesting books recently, including the following: Pirates Ahoy! by Charles B. Driscoll, all about famous buccaneers, a book for all whose imagination is stirred by high adventure and a love of the sea; That Day Alone, by Pierre van Paassen, a man who remembers much and tries to weigh the results that he feels sure are coming; Getting Ahead in Your New Army, by Frank White and Captain Herbert B. Mayer—here is something to send to that boy in camp and feel sure he'll like it; Weeds Are More Fun, by Priscilla Hovey Wright, illustrated—and amusingly—by Anne Cleveland: "Young women secretaries . . . may trust implicitly the business executive who arrives with a home-grown, hand-nurtured pansy or aster in his buttonhole, but may well look askance at him whose boutonnières are procured from the florist's shop." Christmas Annual: Americana in story, poem, song, history, and art, compiled with deft discrimination by Randolph E. Haugan. Mrs. Doratt, by John Erskine, a fine and lively tale by a man who has lived much and tells much without being too indiscreet.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday. FULTON OURSLER.

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